Musical Chairs at the Met by Schuyler Chapin

The Man Who Made Lincoln Laugh by John J. Pullen

Saturday Review

75c

February 7, 1976

SPAIN WITHOUT FRANCO

by Allard K. Lowenstein

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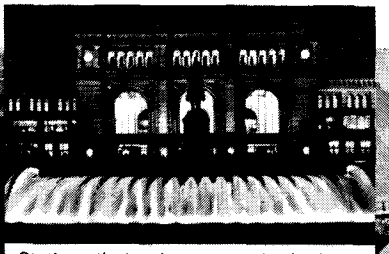

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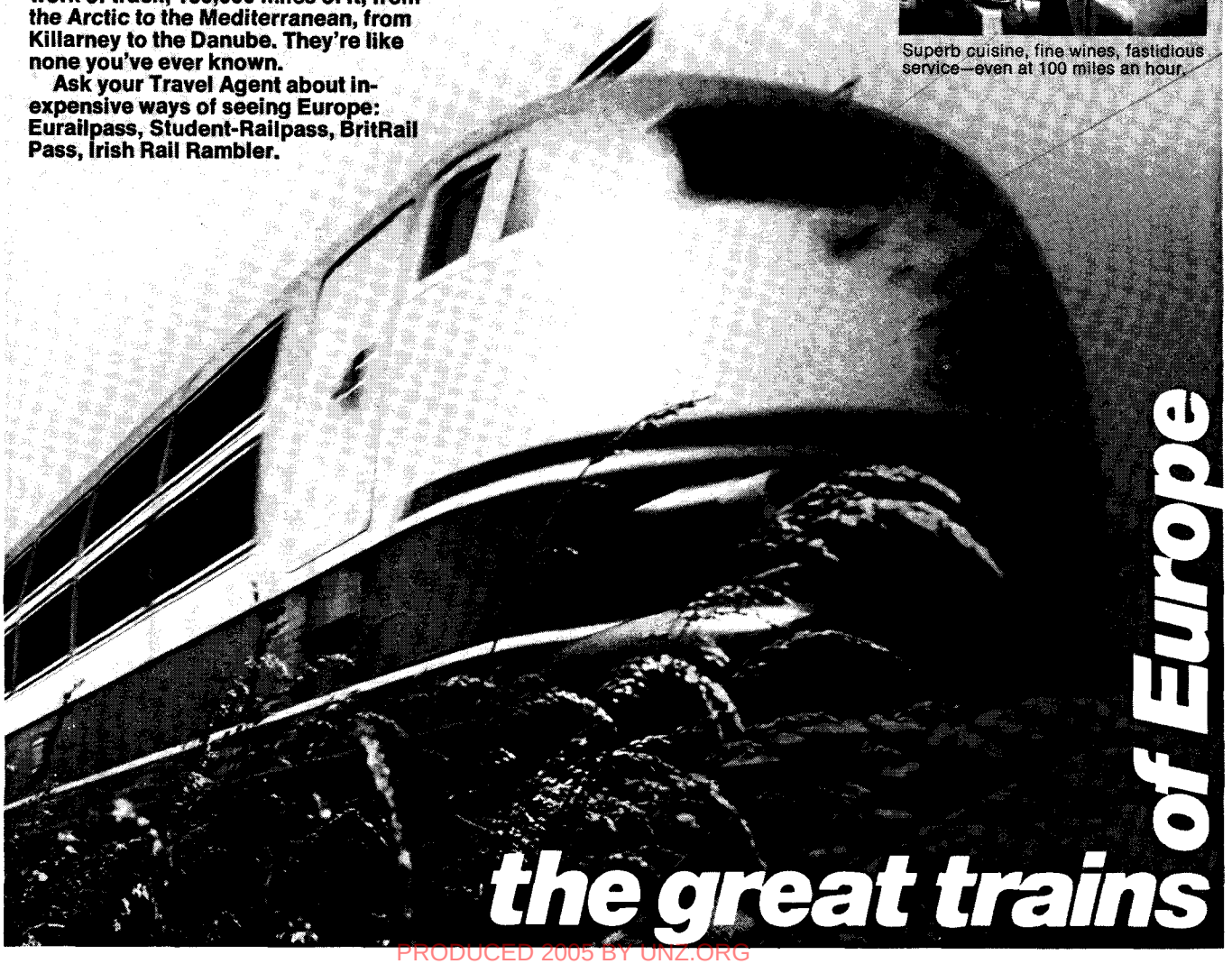

the great trains of Europe

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Total Power and Total Madness

More than a month after the anonymous dynamiting of the TWA terminal at LaGuardia Airport in New York City, people are still dazed by the fiendishness of the act. At this writing, investigators still don't know who planted the bomb in the baggage room or why. The blazing sense of public indignation over the outrage is equaled only by the numbed feeling of helplessness at the realization that it could happen again.

Compounding the horror produced by the LaGuardia incident is the fact that a future episode could involve fissionable materials, thus condemning an area far larger than a single section of an airport terminal. If the dynamite at LaGuardia had been attached to a shielded container of fissionable materials, the casualties might have numbered in the thousands. A terrorist who can get his hands on fissionable materials could hold an entire city hostage. It would not be necessary for him to penetrate the security of an atomic-bomb installation to get the lethal substance. Nuclear power plants abound throughout the country and, indeed, throughout the world. The possibility that a potential terrorist may be among the many thousands who work in these plants cannot be discounted.

What about the numberless drums containing radioactive wastes that now repose on the ocean bottom? Are all those ocean areas patrolled? Is there anything to stop well-financed terrorists from using deep-sea equipment to recover some of these barrels, fit them out with dynamite detonators, and plant them in congested areas? The sudden release of even relatively small quantities of radioactive materials could take a fierce toll of human life and produce widespread suffering.

The American people had no difficulty in becoming aroused over the LaGuardia airport disaster. What is needed now is equal concern about the possibility of a world disaster. Nuclear capability is becoming commonplace. Government leaders no longer regard nuclear war as unthinkable and, indeed, are talking publicly about the possibility that they may have to hit first. The circumstances causing such a decision would probably involve the belief that the next fellow is preparing to attack. His reason for preparing to attack might be that his own intelligence service told him that the first party was preparing to attack, etc., etc. A reciprocal insanity is at work in the world. The very existence of weapons of total destruction is producing, not an overriding obligation to humanity, but a determination to prove to the next fellow that our own resolve is just as strong as his.

One trouble, of course, is that there is more than one "next fellow." Twenty years ago, the United States could look out on the world and worry only about the Soviet Union's ability to make and deliver nuclear explosives. Today, almost a dozen nations have the capacity to produce atomic bombs. Is it argued that we have nothing to worry about because those nations do not have missile-delivery systems as sophisticated as those possessed by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.? The answer to that argument is that exotic missile-delivery systems can be bypassed. An enemy that wants to launch a devastating and anonymous attack on the United States can secretly plant his bombs in strategic places and then detonate them from a distance at a time of his choosing.

We may not even know who hit us or why. The fact that we have installed a hot line in the White House to supply an answer to this question is itself a manifestation of supreme nonsense. Would an attacker bent on surprise confess his abomination? One can almost imagine, indeed, a farcical sketch in which the President picks up the hot line and asks the voice at the other end whether anyone knows anything about the obliteration a few minutes earlier of an American city. The person at the other end expresses shock and says he couldn't be more puzzled or sympathetic.

The line between ultimate absurdity and reality is getting thinner all the time. What gives our age its bitter flavor is precisely the triumph of irrational behavior in the operation of society. Total power is being wedded to total madness. The official delusion persists that we can buy security with superbombs. What we are buying instead is a colossal suicide pact. Nuclear stockpiles protect nothing. They are the means by which radioactive firestorms can sweep over a large part of the world, consuming not only human beings but their access to their future.

If everyone on earth were to stop everything in order to focus on the madness of the nuclear-arms race, some sanity might yet emerge that could lead to safety.

Meanwhile, with respect to anonymous terrorists, the very least that is needed is an international registry of fissionable materials, backed by a world authority capable of restoring some measure of control to what is rapidly becoming a runaway situation.

If all this sounds as though the people on this planet must move toward effective world government, then we may be wasting time in looking elsewhere for an answer. N.C.

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Education as Evolution

The late Pierre Teilhard de Chardin was a Jesuit priest and distinguished earth scientist who, if the Christian religion permitted, should, I believe, qualify as a latter-day prophet. He wrote in 1959 that "education is a universal biological function, coexistent with the totality of the living world." Modern man, he reasoned, has faculties no greater than those of primitive beings; however, we have "self-knowledge" resulting from the cumulative experience of the race. Teilhard saw progress as a "force" based on "the consciousness of all that is and can be. . . . In the passage of time a state of collective human consciousness has been progressively involved which is inherited by each succeeding generation of conscious individuals, and to which each generation adds something." This concept has been further developed by Huxley, the Dutch economist Jan Tinbergen, and others.

Geologic history provides ample evidence of progress: the creation of life itself some three billions of years ago and the evolution of humankind from a single cell to a complex organism. In the mere 6,000 years of recorded history, though, it is generally agreed that humanity has changed little genetically. The lives of 100 people, each of whom lived for 60 years, span those millennia. Biologically speaking, Socrates was the same man as Einstein. If, however, human experience can be classified and transmitted by one generation to another, aside from our inherited genetic evolution, we have a basis for hope for the human future.

This potential we have to fulfill our destiny is not limited to the snail's pace of evolution. In the era of the computer, mass media, and universal education, experience is crowding in on us. Its impact is not forgotten only to be relearned by each generation. Fortunately, through biological evolution, our minds have developed an excess capacity ready to be utilized. As a result, we are able to stretch the use of our minds at an ever faster pace. This capacity is evident in the field of education itself. Today's students of mathematics entering university present calculus, whereas students of the last generation offered only algebra. The knowledge of beginning medical students in physics and biochemistry is a quantum leap ahead of their predecessors'.

Implicit in all progress, however, is its philosophical component, which provides direction. Our cumulative knowledge of the atom can be used to endow the world with an inexhaustible supply of energy—or to trigger a nuclear holocaust. Had Hitler achieved his "thousand years," Western minds might have become irreversibly enslaved to Nazi bigotry. This is why intellectual freedom and diversity are so desperately important. As long as all of us are free to seek our own ways in the search for knowledge, trial and error and the canceling out of divergent and conflicting influences will, over time, result in net gains for all.

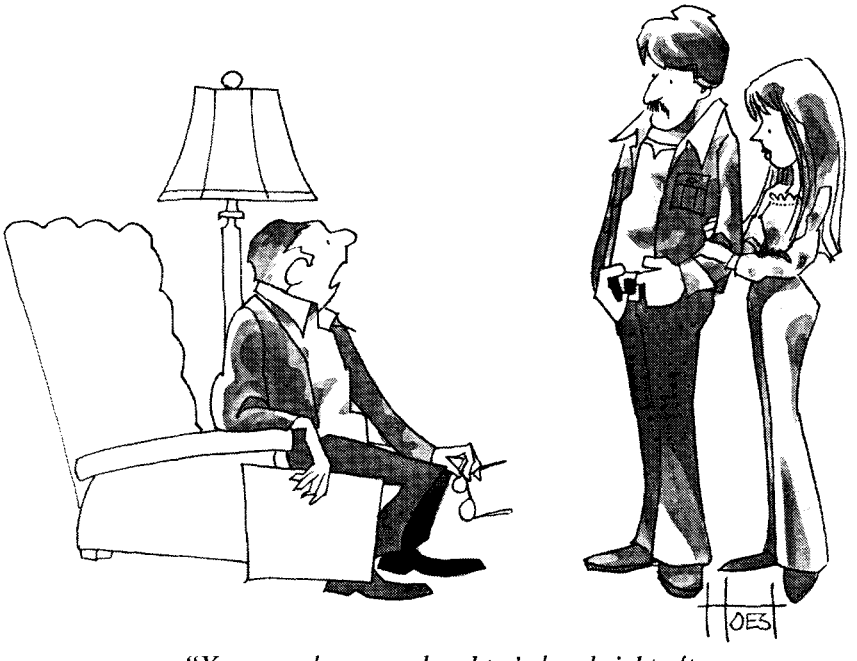
HARLAN CLEVELAND of the Aspen Institute recently pointed out a direct correlation in various parts of the world between economic development and higher education. "In the American experience," he maintains, "both the numbers of college students and the gross product per capita set records . . . [and] Soviet growth, too, accompanied an enormous educational development." Although it may not be possible to separate cause from effect in all cases, the correlation referred to nevertheless exists.

A direct relationship must also prevail between education and international understanding. Oxford and Cambridge provided the intellectual cement for the British Commonwealth; the educational institutions of Paris, for the French Associated States. The tragedy arising out of the misunderstanding between the Greeks and Turks in Cyprus results mainly, I believe, from a failure in education. Although many Cypriots are educated abroad, no institution of higher learning exists on the island. Think what a difference it would have made if Cypriot youths of both races could have studied and developed together over the years.

Because of education we are increasingly able to perceive our shortcomings and do something about them. We now have sufficient knowledge about the world for the Club of Rome to build a "world model," which will help us influence the course our future will take. One hundred thousand variables have been related to six substantive strata underlying 10 world areas and subjected to computer runs based on a series of scenarios of possible human choices. This model results from and adds to a cumulative experience that is man's permanent heritage.

The human mind, which has been the particular focus of our physical evolution during the last few millions of years, is in effect evolving at an ever-increasing pace through education. What better justification is there for the vast sums we have spent on mass education in our country? What better guide is there to show how we can best help other countries? What better incentive do we have to bring the best minds of the world together for debate and discussion of world problems? For it is through education that we have, in our own minds, the seeds of our salvation.

GEORGE C. MCGHEE



"You may have my daughter's hand right after I claim her for this year's tax deduction."

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Letters From Readers

Editor's Note: *Robert F. Moss's survey of "The Arts in Black America" (November 15) has expectedly prompted many letters, most of them taking issue with* SR*'s choice of author and with his conclusions. On the first point, the editors question the proposition that only a black critic could have done justice to the subject. Following that line of reasoning, only Jewish critics should write about Jewish novelists, only Indian critics about Indian dance, etc. It was precisely to get away from this kind of parochial approach that* SR *asked a non-black critic to tackle the assignment. The editors recognize, however, the obligation to give a respectful hearing to those closely involved.*

Robert F. Moss's article is completely lacking in scope, unfair, and ill-informed. Other than their black skin, no commonality exists for justifying the lumping together of novelists, poets, dancers, composers, filmmakers, directors, and producers—as was done in this article. I cannot imagine *Saturday Review* inviting me or any other writer, white or black, to give a report on "The Arts in White America." . . .

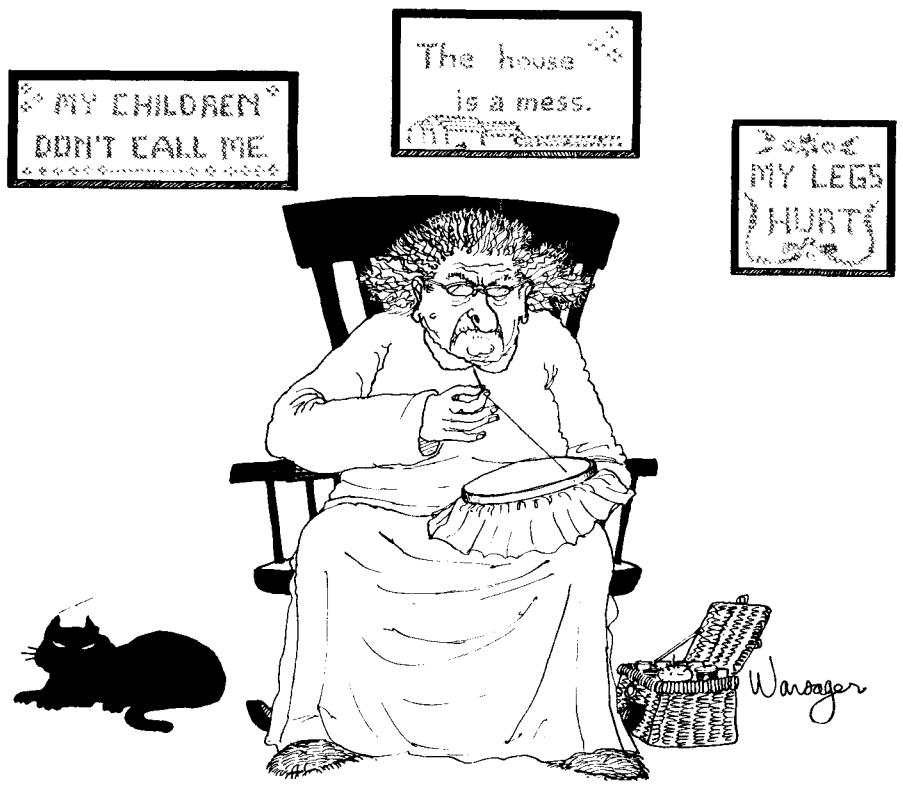
If critics and others, white and black, don't like the dope pushers and hustlers who populate the black-oriented movies, there are also those of us who abhor the cowboy-and-Indian movies of our youth. Why is Wyatt Earp granted the status of hero but not "Nigger Charlie"? Any cursory study of movies shows that the new cowboy is the urban black killing and maiming his way to righteousness. . . . Why is *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* maudlin and *The Miracle Worker* great? I cried through both. Movies in America have but a single standard—box office. If *Sweetback* offends Moss, then *Deep Throat* offends me. Violence and pornography are either acceptable or unacceptable. A non-racial judgment must be made. If *Mahogany* is superficial and implausible, so was *Roman Holiday*, so was *Funny Lady*, so are most American movies.

The overriding annoyance of Moss's appraisal is not really so much that he attempts to judge a people for whose work he has so little respect but that he, within this article, speaks for all white people. "Whites find this boring," "Whites find this simplistic," "Whites don't like this or that or the other." I don't, of course, know how white Moss is, but he'd have to be very white indeed to speak so flatly about their esthetic judgments. If his judgments are to become meaningful, he might use an occasional qualifier, such as "some," "most," or "many."

As an artist, I have never said—nor will it be found in the body of black art throughout our esthetic history—that whites *could* not understand black art. We have consistently contended that they *would* not understand black art. . . .

We will not and cannot allow, now or in the future, this sloppy intellectualism, masking indifference and inadequate preparation, to pass for criticism. Teaching black-oriented English programs (whatever that means), having a black mate . . . some of my best friends are . . . cannot and does not substitute for thorough preparation, cannot and does not explain improper groupings. I do not hold Moss responsible for the boxed material accompanying the article, the chronology stopping in 1959 when I was a junior in high school, or the snide comments contained within the individual portraits, but he as critic and writer is responsible for the body of his work. I found it sadly lacking.

Nikki Giovanni
New York, N.Y.



Robert Moss pinpointed and literally attacked all of the negativeness he believed to exist in the black art form, ideology, style, and performance. . . . Moss speaks about the "narrow focus of injustice." He forgets that unlike the white artists who perform primarily to *entertain* . . ., the true black artist sees the necessity for black art to mine the complexities, density, and variety of the black experience and the people who exist. "Injustice" is the cry of black folk . . . ; to talk about it, sing about it, dance about it, is about progress. . . .

Moss states that the majority of black art is based around racism, castrating "whitey," so to speak. This in itself shows a racist attitude! For years the Caucasian performer and his art form have left the black man out. . . .

It seems as if Moss has an "integration hangup," for throughout his article one finds the word *integration* linked with black-white European art and success. To Moss the lack of integration seems to indicate failure. . . .

The purpose of drama is to mirror the life, customs, mores, and habits of peoples. It must give an image that the audience will feel comfortable with. Black writers are not white, nor do they live the life of King Arthur, The Prisoner of Second Avenue, Jesus Christ Superstar—all works created in their own rights, but certainly not related to blacks or black life-styles. . . . This white unconsciousness defined is purely and simply the sum of prejudices, myths, and collective attitudes of a given group. Blacks have suffered from "cultural imposition" and are often judged by its terms. Critics judge black art by the standard structure, specifically Anglo-Saxon American

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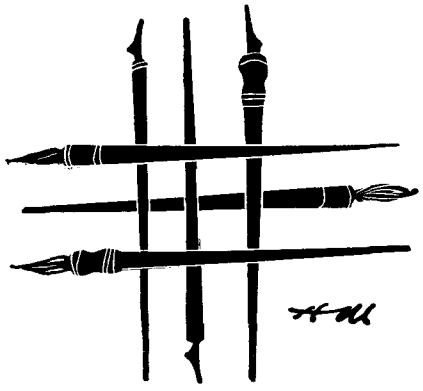
esthetic structures. One cannot consider a work of art, such as a poem, in isolation, but in relation to the experiences of its audiences. . . .

Black talent is in abundance in every endeavor of the arts. It is geared toward the overriding theme of freedom and/or liberation. Our art reflects the concerns and the consciousness of the people. . . .

Carole Bartel
Doris Innis
Congress of Racial Equality
New York, N.Y.

For starters, I have taught at the University of California at Berkeley for a total of three quarters, one quarter during the years 1967, 1968, and 1974. This can hardly be called making "a good part of my living" as an instructor at the University of California at Berkeley. . . .

The cowboy in *Yellow Back Radio Broke-Down* is named "Loop Garoo," not "Loop Garu"; there is no such group



as "the Red Menace" in *The Last Days of Louisiana Red*, and you don't "drink" gumbo.

Robert Moss, your critic, didn't even bother to read my books; perhaps he believes criticism consists of making remarks about books you haven't read—kind of like some character out of *Alice in Wonderland*.

The rest of his article on Afro-American culture was full of similar "cocamamy" inaccuracies that any student of Afro-American culture will easily recognize. . . .

Next time you want to know what the slaves are up to, don't ask the overseer; ask them.

Ishmael Reed
Berkeley, Calif.

I was quite disappointed in Robert Moss's article as a whole for a number of reasons, some of which can be laid at his door and a number of which, I'm afraid, must be laid at yours.

First of all, one looks to the *Saturday Review* to publish articles by "authorities," whether or not one agrees with them. Moss was in deep water in all areas except literature, and even there his expertise was limited to the usual academic checklist of historical roots and facile analysis of style. On dance, theater, visual arts, and music, he appears not even to have had a point of view but to have depended for his source material on Sunday supplement articles like *his* own and on a few random interviews.

I cannot begin to guess why he chose to stop his Chronology of Black Cultural Achievement in 1959. Such lists are always disappointing, but 1959 precedes the most bustling period of growth and public support for the arts among blacks as well as whites. . . .

But his most disheartening lack is that he failed to realize that black creative efforts have been and continue to be populist, with increasing support among the educationally and economically disadvantaged. These efforts go beyond the obvious protest murals. They include redefining the marketplace and appointing new tastemakers. . . .

Courtney Callender, Director
Studio Museum in Harlem
New York, N.Y.

It strikes me as unfortunate that in your Chronology of Black Cultural Achievements there is no mention of Zora Neale Hurston, author of several distinguished books, including an autobiography, *Dust Tracks on a Road*, which won the John Anisfield Award.

George Stevens
Kingston, N.J.

Moss feels that the arts in black America need more "rigorous, workmanlike dedication" and less "emotionalism and self-indulgence. . . ."

Taken together, Moss's strictures imply that the arts in black America lack maturity. This I will grant, as a generalization. However, I do want to point up one exception: the art of jazz.

Blacks were the primary creators of jazz and have made up at least 50 percent of its practitioners. . . . The result is that blacks feel confident of their place in the art of jazz. . . .

Jazz, then, does have the maturity often lacking in the other arts of black America. This implies that in the art forms other than jazz blacks can certainly attain the same level of maturity they have reached with jazz. And if society lets them, they will.

Ross Beatty, Jr.
Washington, D.C.

Robert Moss replies:

I must begin by conceding the errors Mr. Reed has pointed to in my profile of him—specifically the source of his income, the spelling of Loop Garoo, and the items from *The Last Days of Louisiana Red*. His assertion that I didn't read his books, is, however, quite incorrect. The only significant critical lapse Mr. Reed has found is in connection with *Louisiana Red*, his most recent novel. Perhaps a critic who has patiently made his way through volume after volume of a writer's work can be forgiven for insufficient attentiveness to the last one. In any case, I note that Mr. Reed does not seriously challenge my interpretation of his work in any way.

Let me deal with the other important objections to my article as succinctly as possible:

(1) Black contributions to jazz and musical comedy have received saturation coverage elsewhere, and hence an editorial decision was made to exclude these genres from the article. We did not mean to slight *Purlie* or *Raisin*—and certainly not the black jazz world, which is filled with true musical titans.

(2) The chronology ends in 1959 because that's approximately where the article begins. To extend the chronology much further would have entailed needless duplication. This survey was merely intended to isolate a few high points in the history of black American art prior to the Sixties, not offer an all-inclusive panorama. Perhaps we should have inserted the word *brief*.

(3) As to the issue of white critics passing judgment on black art, my views are in complete accord with the editor's note.

(4) The "populist" aspect of black art, which Mr. Callender cannot locate in my article, appears in the summing up. The superficiality he accuses me of can only result from his failure to grasp the basic design of my article; it is an *overview* of the subject.

(5) If Nikki Giovanni believes that the "lumping together" of so many black artists is unfair, she will have to extend this edict to all black-studies programs, black theater groups, black literary anthologies, and so on. For my own part, I think the article amply demonstrates the many similarities of style and outlook among black artists.

In general, I feel considerable regret at having given offense to so many people; that was not my intention. At the same time, however, I want to emphasize that an immense amount of research and reflection went into "The Arts in Black America," and my confidence in its conclusions is unshaken. Despite all the charges of "inaccuracy," no one other than Mr. Reed has come armed with any concrete evidence. Indeed, the letters I have seen display far more passion than logic, an imbalance that is not conducive to intellectual debate.

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World Progress Report

All Choked Up

Even these days not all medical advances involve sophisticated laboratory research or high technology. Indeed, a recent addition to the arsenal of do-it-yourself first-aid remedies promises to save as many lives as do some of the more elaborate examples of medical magic offered in modern hospitals. Called the "Heimlich maneuver" after Dr. Henry J. Heimlich, the Cincinnati surgeon who developed it, the simple new technique offers immediate aid to a victim who is choking on a foreign object and might well die before professional help arrives.

The traditional anti-choking procedure prescribed pounding the victim soundly on the back in the hope of knocking the offending object loose. Instead, Dr. Heimlich recommends that the person rendering aid put both arms around the choking victim from the rear, with one hand in a fist against the choker's upper abdomen between the navel and the bottom of the rib cage. With the other hand on top of the fist, a quick bear hug, by which the fist is pulled upward into the abdomen, will raise the victim's diaphragm, compressing the lungs and forcing a burst of air through the trachea to expel the offending object.

If the victim has collapsed, the Heimlich maneuver can be performed by turning him on his back, kneeling astride his thighs, and placing the heel of one open hand on the upper abdomen with the other hand on top of it. A sharp push upward with both hands will expel the foreign object. If necessary, a choking person can even perform the maneuver on himself, pulling his own fist sharply and forcefully upward against his abdomen. In any case, the procedure should be repeated until the foreign object is ejected from the throat.

Fish Story

Fishermen are famous for having vivid imaginations, but a team of experts may have set a record recently with visions of establishing a major salmon fishery in the southern Pacific Ocean. No fisherman, drunk or sober, has ever reported catching a salmon there before—or has even told of one that got away. But according to two sober scientists—Dr. Colin E. Nash, of the Oceanic Institute in Waimanalo, Hawaii, and Dr. Timothy Joyner, of Seattle, a retired government fisheries expert—there is no ecological reason why the southern oceans should not be teeming with salmon, adding greatly to man's increasingly hard-to-get harvest of protein from the sea.

According to Dr. Joyner, only the equatorial belt of warm seas, in which the salmon cannot survive, prevents the Northern Hemisphere salmon species from migrating to the Southern Hemisphere. In a recent survey supported by the Rockefeller Foundation and aided by the Chilean government, the scientists found that the salmon could find ideal breeding conditions in southern Chile: cold, freshwater streams flowing into saltwater inlets, much like the salmon have in their native habitats in Alaska and Norway. And from the southern tip of South America, the scientists discovered, the adult salmon could have access to the rich feeding grounds off Antarctica, where vast resources of krill, a small marine crustacean, are already supporting major populations of whales and seals.

The only human help necessary to get the salmon started, suggest the scientists, would be to ferry northern salmon in special hatchery ships across the equator to start new salmon streams in the most promising settings. In the next phase of their study, Drs. Nash and Joyner plan to pinpoint likely trial sites near the Straits of Magellan. The forbidding area is "great for salmon but tough on people," admits Dr. Joyner, "but once a self-sustaining salmon population is established, the yield of protein would be prodigious."

Never Mind What Confucius Says

Although China is less inscrutable to the West now than it has been for more than a quarter of a century, at least one important mystery persists: how many Chinese are there? Just last year the long-standing official figure was abruptly raised from a round 700 million to an equally round 800 million. Some Western China-watchers estimate the true number to be more than 900 million.

Whatever their numbers, however, the Chinese themselves have believed for more than 2,000 years that the more of them, the better. According to a report in *The New York Times*, however, there are strong indications that the world's most populous country has recently changed its mind. In the name of Chairman Mao himself, the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party has promulgated a series of new "instructions" to local government units. Young Chinese are being officially encouraged to delay marriage until their mid-20s, and the traditional importance of having sons to support parents in their old age is being minimized. Birth control, on the other hand, is being emphasized, and sterilization is being strongly promoted for women who have had two or more children.

ANTHONY WOLFF

"Confound it, then! I'll talk to whichever government is in power!"

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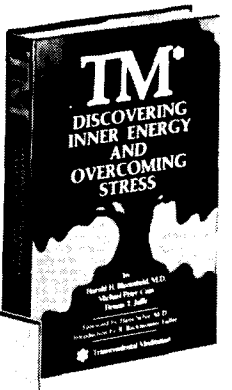

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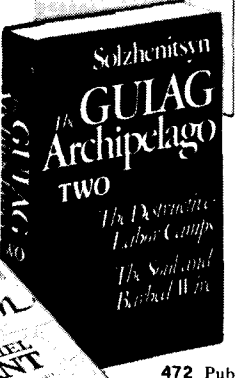

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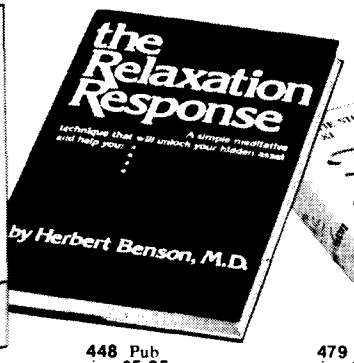

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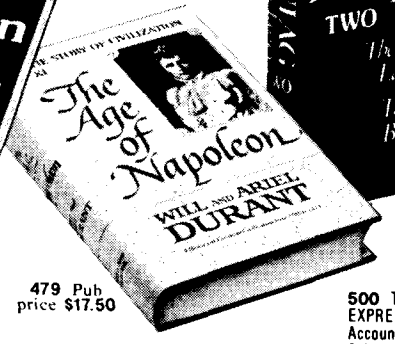

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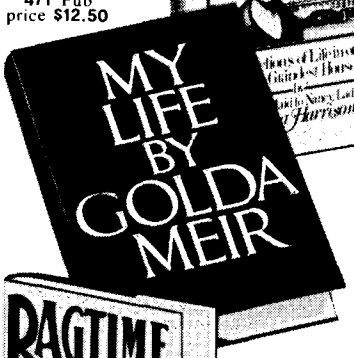

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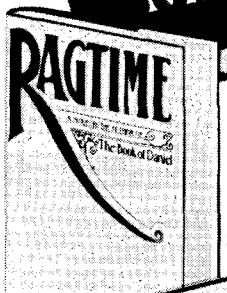

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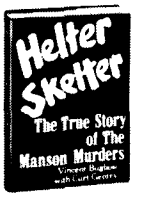

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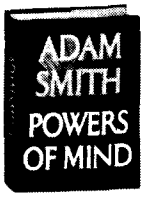

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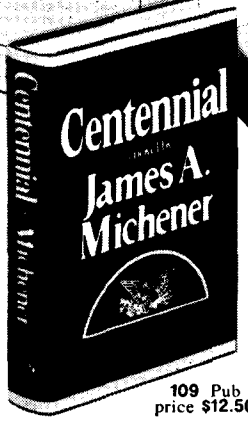

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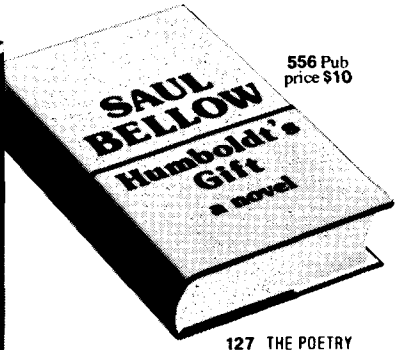

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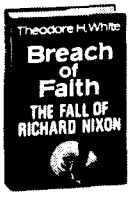

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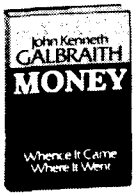

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

The Sad Story

A sad iron, as grandmother knew, was a flat iron pointed at both ends and equipped with a detachable handle. Sad irons were used in pairs, one heating on the cast-iron range while the other did the ironing, usually through a damp cloth. When the working iron no longer hissed in its passage over the damp cloth, grandmother put it back on the range, twisted the handle free, and tightened it into place on the heated iron.

It could well seem, in retrospect, to have been slow, sad work, but grandmother was not necessarily low in spirits. *Sad*, in this case, means simply *heavy*, as it does in "fate struck him a sad blow."

This sense is a survival of the Indo-European root *sa-*, "replete, heavy with." Latin *satur*, "replete," is from the same root. English *sate* and *satisfy* are from the Latin root.

In the Germanic evolution, with no change of meaning, *sa-* became *sadaz*. When it passed into Old English as *saed*, however, it also acquired the meaning "weary."

One sense follows naturally enough from another. To be *saed* ("sated") is to be heavy with food. To be *saed* ("weary") is to be heavy in one's body. To be *sad* in the modern English sense is to be heavy-hearted.

The originally poetic form called "satire" and the derived and slightly different "satirical" are also of the same family, the term as a label for a poetic form deriving from Latin *satura lanx*. And thereon hangs a history.

In early Roman ritual the *satura lanx* ("feast of the first fruits") was a harvest ritual whose origins reach into the dawn age.

Lancis, *lanx* signified in Latin "a large platter" or "the pans of a scale," whence *bi-lanx*, literally "two pans" or "a scale, a balance." It was probably in the French that the *bi-* of the Latin form changed to the *ba-* of our "balance." The Italian form remains *bilancia*. The *OED* cites *bilanx* as of 1450, but that usage must have been straight out of Latin. In *The Monk's Tale* (c. 1386), Chaucer had used the Frenchified form *balaunce*.

Satura, as I've noted above, is "replete, heaped high, heavy with." Thus the *satura lanx* was a large platter of mixed fruits, whence, as the name of a literary form, "satire" acquired the sense of "a medley."

The earliest known observance of the festival was at Fescennia in Etruria (Tuscany), and it combined harvest and fertility rites. By the time the rite became established in Rome, servants and slaves had acquired a religious license to mock their masters. In time the mocking verses of these rites assaulted even the gods, and a Roman law was passed to limit the excesses and specifically to prohibit blasphemy and the incantation of spells and curses.

The rite was also known as the Fescennine Festival, and I will guess that the name *Fescennia* derives, with a minor vowel shift, from the root *fasc-*, "a bundle of twigs, wheat, etc.," whence our English words *fasces* and *fascism*. The name *Fescennine*, then, would imply "harvest place" or, perhaps, "threshing floor."

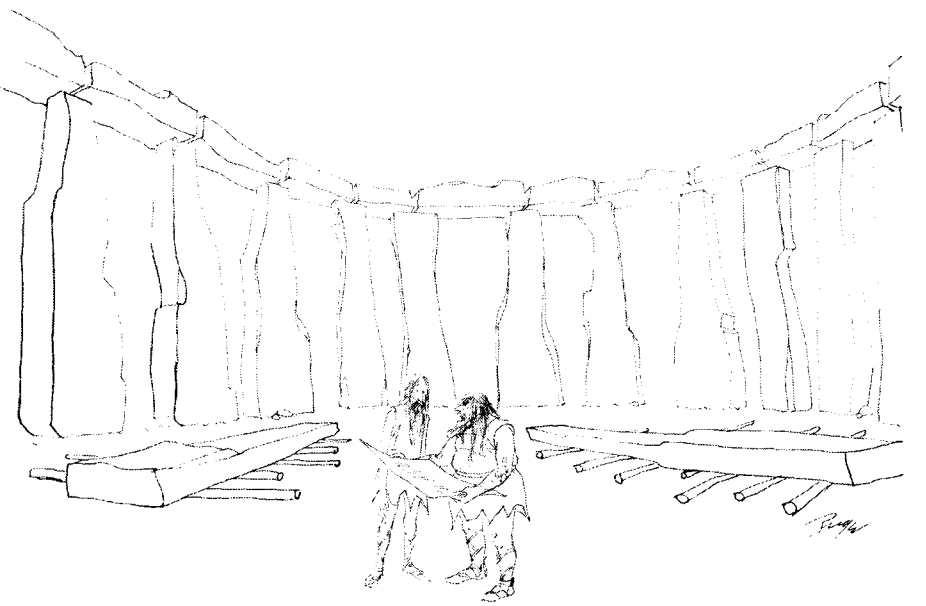
As evidence that harvest and fertility rituals were anciently intertwined, the same root underlies Latin *fascinum*, an amulet of herbs and other magic stuff bound in the shape of a phallus. The Eleventh Edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, moreover, notes that *fescennina carmina*, "fescennine verse" (which is the other name for Latin satire), was translated by H. Nettleship (*Journal of Philology* XI, 1882) as "verses used by charmers"—which is to say, by those who cast spells and curses.

And so to *satyr*. Many scholars have noted a connection between *satire* and *satyr*, suggesting that some of the coarseness of satire as a poetic form came about by association with the idea "satyr-like." All—or all that I know of—pass off the connection as an influential error.

It is also true that every dictionary I have been able to look into traces *satyr* to Greek *saturos*, "a satyr," and there marks it with an asterisk signifying "origin unknown." No dictionary I have found even notes, in this connection, Latin *satur*.

Let me suspect that the original error is chargeable to the *OED*, for time and again I have discovered that the errors and omissions of the *OED* tend to become the errors and omissions of later dictionaries. It is not that lexicographers are lazy but simply that there are more words than any staff can handle without clerks, and that clerks are corner-cutters.

The coarseness of Latin satire is not dependent on goat hooves from the Greek. Both satire and the goat hooves spring from the same roots in some stone-age shivaree touched by voodoo. "Satyr," I will insist till proved wrong by hard evidence, is part of the sad story, a satyr being a creature of coarse (heavy) appetites, seldom sad, but born to be insatiable. □



"You call yourself an architect? You call this a Parthenon? It looks like one of those abstract modern designs that Sparta outgrew 20 years ago."

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Multinationals: A Dissenting View

The following article was originally scheduled to be published in the previous issue on multinational corporations. It was dropped both because of space pressures and because its main points were covered in the lead article by Gurney Breckenfeld. The author believes our failure to publish his article indicated a bias in favor of multinationals. He has requested that since his article was written in good faith, it be published in the subsequent issue. We are pleased to publish it herewith.—The Editors.

by Richard J. Barnet

Strong evidence indicates that the transformation of the world economy spearheaded by the multinationals is having an adverse impact on at least 60 percent of the world's population in three crucial aspects. First, the multinational corporation is undermining the ability of governments everywhere, including the United States, to maintain employment, to protect the money supply, to prevent the erosion of the tax base, and thus to meet essential social needs for a majority of their citizens. Second, it is promoting a model of development and a world distribution system that increases inequalities across the planet—widening the gap between rich and poor. Finally, following a narrow balance-sheet definition of efficiency and a grow-or-die philosophy, it is misusing and misallocating resources.

In the underdeveloped world, where most of the global population lives, there are real conflicts of interest between a global corporation and a poor country. The corporation is obviously interested in minimizing taxes, reducing its labor costs, moving its capital freely, and minimizing local controls. But the consequences for the poor country are often disastrous: loss of foreign exchange (Colombia lost $20 million in one year from overpricing in the drug industry alone); loss of tax revenues; preemption of local capital (during the Sixties about 78 percent of the manufacturing operations of U. S.–based global corporations were financed from local capital); and unemployment.

Sufficient evidence has now been collected by international agencies, government studies, and independent scholars to indicate that corporations frequently take advantage of their superior bargaining power in underdeveloped societies in ways that keep poor countries poor. Overpricing in the drug industry has been scandalous. For example, U. S. drug companies have "charged" their subsidiaries in Colombia *82* times the international market price. Such "transfer pricing," which, for many different industries, has also been documented in Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Pakistan, Iran, the Philippines, and elsewhere, has the effect of siphoning capital from poor countries.

Multinationals dominate the crucial process of transfer of technology to poor

countries. By engaging in what the United Nations calls "restrictive business practices," agreements that prohibit the country from using the technology for its own exports, the multinationals perpetuate a relationship of technological dependence. (It is worth noting that the two countries that have developed dramatically in the last 100 years—the United States and Japan—have kept control of their technology even when they obtained financing from abroad.)

The transfer of technology by multinationals is having serious disruptive effects because to a substantial extent it is the wrong technology. Extending the useful life of capital-intensive technology developed for the United States makes sense for the corporation but not for the country. Labor-saving technology in agriculture, the construction industry, and manufacturing is destroying jobs and accelerating the unemployment process. Despite a dramatic increase in the importance of the manufacturing sector to the Latin American economy, it employs a slightly smaller percentage of the total work force than it did 50 years ago.

Although it is true that global corporations in low-wage areas in Taiwan, Hong Kong, Haiti, Mexico, and elsewhere are creating jobs for thousands of workers, the dollar-a-day "labor aristocracy" is a small fraction of the local population; the development model of the multinational corporations does not benefit the majority of the country's population either as workers or as consumers. Such countries as Mexico and Brazil, which have dramatically increased their gross national product through foreign investment by multinational corporations, have suffered increasing concentration of income largely as a result of mounting unemployment. In the early Fifties the richest 20 percent of the Mexican population had 10 times the income of the poorest 20 percent. After 10 years of rapid industrial growth, sparked primarily by the multinationals, the rich had substantially increased their share. The same trend is observable in Brazil. As Brazil's President Emilio Medici once put it, "Brazil is doing well, but the people are not."

The point is not that the multinationals are responsible for poverty in the Third World—that is a complex story in which foreign economic and political exploitation is an important but not sufficient explanation—but that their development model, while it rescues a few, perpetuates poverty for the many. The development model of the multinational corporations calls for a worldwide distribution system of standardized goods, a "Global Shopping Center" to service affluent enclaves across the planet. But a profit-dominated global distribution system diverts resources from the places where they are most needed (poor countries and poor regions of rich countries) to those where they are least needed (rich countries and rich regions).

The role of the multinational corporation as world distributor is most dramatic in the area of food. Agribusiness is now buying or renting more and more arable land. Decisions on what to plant and

(Continued on page 58.)

Richard J. Barnet, co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, is co-author of Global Reach: The Power of Multinational Corporations *(Simon & Schuster, 1975).*

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SPAIN WITHOUT FRANCO

A country in search of new directions, Spain remains a curious mixture of Falangist rigidity and Republican expectation.

by Allard K. Lowenstein

The end of personal rule by Francisco Franco y Bahamonde came as a strange sort of punctuation mark—an inverted Spanish exclamation point on one side and a question mark on the other, a victory in the unfinished war of our childhood, a kind of unearned run evening up the score a little, if scores can be evened up in overtime. The fact is, of course, that the end was coming with no help from anyone who had tried to bring it about. Still, the end of Franco, whatever its cause, doesn't happen every day, and I was wondering how to treat an event so uniquely significant and irrelevant when a call came asking me to Madrid for meetings about the "transition," almost as if somehow my being there to celebrate the end might make up a little for not having been there to resist the beginning.

By this time I had been attending "meetings" in Spain on and off for some 17 years, ever since the son of the chief of Franco's air force, fresh from jail, had made his way to Hubert Humphrey's office, where I was working at the time,

Photographs: Pictorial Parade

Reviewing his troops—"For Juan Carlos, an unearned opportunity to overrule history's judgment that his is a family that learns nothing and forgets nothing."

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to plead that someone come to see the evils of the government that his father had helped to put in power. That was the beginning of my association with some of Franco's new enemies. It had never occurred to me that the risky politics of opposing a dictatorship would attract the pride and heirs of the realm: wealthy, tough, bright young men who were to display a gallantry that would have been notable at the Round Table. Men like these—Juan Kindelán, Carlos de Zayas, and the others—the scions of grandees and dukes and Nationalist generals, with lives of almost guaranteed success ahead of them, impelled by no discernible force but conscience, chose to throw away the most privileged positions in a land of protected privileges to languish at times in jails of peculiar inhumanity. Their sacrifices, whispered across a moribund countryside, reminded a drained people of hope and, in the process, wrenched at families whose loyalties to God and Spain were not prepared for a clash with loyalty to Family itself.

And they provided a remarkable introduction to the continuing involvement that led me back to Madrid all these years later.

El Caudillo—"He outlasted Hitler, Mussolini, Salazar, Chiang, the Greek Colonels."

I ARRIVE IN MADRID as Juan Carlos is skittering into the strange upside-down semi-regency made necessary by Franco's refusal to yield authority: everything tentative, a curious uncertainty abetted by medical bulletins announcing that an octogenarian who seems to have every disease known to man is constantly rallying and is planning to resume presiding at Cabinet meetings; but something more than uncertainty, too: not exactly relief from fear, not yet, but an *expectation* of relief, with the familiar fears receding into a soupy uneasiness about what might follow the relief.

The transition is beginning at a moment when the national mood is forcing the moderating of old antagonisms. The economic uplift that spread political unrest has multiplied the number of people with a stake in retaining order, people who, above all, don't want a Portugal or an Argentina or a Chile in a new Spain, and who are part of an unexpected consensus that wants consensus to guide the transition and wants elections to determine consensus. There is a great wish to see an end to political prisons, terrorism, censorship, whimsical governing, and an end as well to conflicts swirling beyond or beneath the governing.

This mood affects everyone who hopes to ride the succession to ultimate power: Communists become devotees of pluralistic democratic institutions, Monarchists accept elections, Socialists accept the throne. The quest is for a way to achieve change without disorder; the worry is that the moment held back too long will be ill used and will somehow end in another 40 years in another wilderness.

Above all, the mood has affected the perceptions of the successor, of the handpicked Prince, scorned all his life as pliable and stupid, an ingrate to his father, a creature of the dictator, too weak to survive once his patron is gone.

From the moment one lands at the airport at Barajas, the attitude is different, the scorn replaced by hope, by an impatience for the patron to be gone so that the Prince can begin. Everyone wants, or at least accepts, Juan Carlos, at least for now. The response is overwhelming; it is in fact astonishing: everyone now wants him to begin—everyone, that is, except Franco, who picked him, and La Señora Carmen Franco, demanding a title for herself, viewing the death of her husband as a cosmic impertinence and the proposal to transfer power before his death as heresy.

Why everyone suddenly wants Juan Carlos and what they expect of him are complex matters with troublesome possibilities. But he arrives at power with an unexpected opportunity to be his own man, to build from support to popularity, and then to use popularity to steer and protect progress—the origins of his rise almost forgotten in the awareness that only in his person does a succession seem possible that will end the past without bloodying the future. He chairs a Cabinet meeting, and the press cheers; he utters slogans, and wise men read wisdom into them.

The Prince—*El Principe*—the pleasant nonentity from the family of archaic hemophiliacs picked by Franco to give a touch of purple to the gray steel of the real heir apparent, the assassinated Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, the man designated to perpetuate Franco after Franco; the *Principe* without known principles, selected because his father, heir to the abandoned throne, had offended the dictator by tinges of openmindedness; *El Principe*, the handpicked puppet, now come to power with puppeteer dying and Carrero dead.

HE IS DYING as he has lived, outdated, pious, insulated in his palace at Pardo from his own unpopularity, saint's robes thrown over the bed, enlisted in the

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battle to stop time; indomitably narrow, clinging to power long after every sycophant around him has wished for a more graceful turnover—every sycophant, but not his wife, the untitled Duchess of El Pardo, or of Plaza Toro, or of whatever. He has outlasted Hitler, Mussolini, Salazar, Chiang, even some, like the Greek Colonels, who didn't get started till he had already ruled Spain for a decade longer than any President has ever ruled the United States. But now ashes to ashes, Madrid at last the final tomb of fascism, if not quite when or how the men who had died to keep it from fascism 40 years earlier had meant it to be.

I chat with two officials, a bureaucrat and a colonel, men who have known each other only slightly, and across a divide of presumed political hostility summarized by one whispering to me that the other is a "hidden leftist" just after the other has warned me by phone that we are about to meet a "rightist militarist." There is a cautious fencing at first, some talk of army officers fat from insufficient activity who might spring into action for its own sake.

"The army will be loyal to the government," the military rightist assures us. "But who is the government?" I ask. "The Prince or the Pardo?" "The *King*," they say, unintentionally together, together even in their embarrassment at being together. We are all surprised at the sound of the unfamiliar title. It is the colonel who resumes first. "Whatever good he did, the old man should have let go. Soon they will have to bury a machine in his tomb; there will be nothing else left. And when the funeral is over, Juan Carlos will be King, and the army will obey the King."

So it goes, on and on: Left militants and Right militants, separated by lifetimes of reciprocated hatreds, denouncing each other—and anyone else who won't give the Prince a chance; courtiers of the father, Don Juan, the legitimate King, if kings are legitimate, recently vituperative about usurpers, now confiding about new virtues found in the son; intellectuals and hereditary Republicans discovering possibilities in constitutional monarchies: isn't Britain a constitutional monarchy? And if you ask whether Juan Carlos is a constitutional monarch, you are told that he can be, that he must be; at least for now there's no other way. Presently the two illegal collections of opposition parties, including among them the Communists, join to say as much formally and publicly.

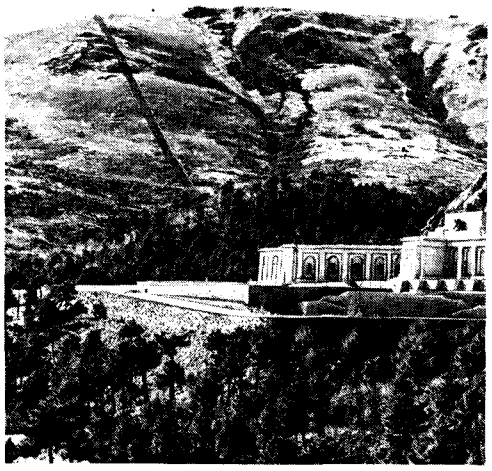
Then a shiver runs through the city: a Socialist gynecologist just back from Europe has been arrested; again, so soon, the fumes of yesteryear—or rather of yesterday. Students plan a protest: the new regime must know at once that it cannot survive this way. The gynecologist is released—remarkable speed for Spanish political police; it is as if the first message of the new era, intentional or otherwise, is this: you restrain your fanatics, your hotheads; we'll restrain ours.

There is in all this something almost un-Spanish—a voluntary, if transient, unity after so many years of bitterness over efforts to enforce unity. But un-Spanish or not, it is there; everyone feels it, and almost everyone feels good feeling it. Perhaps the mood can't last; the stakes are too high, and hot blood must be poured willy-nilly after blood already spilled; perhaps the bunker mentality of a few high officers or outbursts of Falangists defending special status or bombings by ideological desperadoes will abort it and trigger new spirals of confrontation and repression.

But maybe, just maybe—the thought glimmers and won't go away—maybe with so many people so determined to try another course, maybe the past can be ended without being relived; maybe a beginning can be made in that direction. Even a beginning would require unusual reciprocal restraint and a general agreement on procedures for deciding what the next steps will be; and it would require a government that could assure fairness in implementing the procedures: Juan Carlos perhaps, Juan Carlos surely, but a Juan Carlos whose intentions are underwritten by a Cabinet committed to fair elections sometime soon.

Simply to state the problem is to spotlight its delicacy. I begin to wonder whether power and privilege could ever accept peaceful transition to a rearrangement that would at least dilute power and modify privilege. Experience, certainly the Spanish experience, does not encourage great hope for such a response.

PERHAPS THAT IS WHY I decide to have my first post-Franco dinner at the residence of an elderly aristocrat, a woman used to having her own way except with her own children, children now in their 30s, whose courage and intelligence are like hers but whose politics are not. Managing her blend of bluntness and graciousness, she is glad, she says as I



Valley of the Fallen—"Overwhelmed by

appear, to see me again, even at this sad juncture in the affairs of Spain, a juncture that no doubt accounts for my unexpected appearance, not entirely unlike a vulture's. She sits serene amid the exquisite artifacts and Castilian heirlooms of her living rooms, an unembarrassed and unreconstructible Fascist, contemptuous of charade; a gentle woman—there are gentle Fascists as there are gentle Communists, perhaps not too reliable in a shootout, but believers in authoritarian rule, in a corporate state, a state ruled without disorder by one man for as long as God wills: Francisco Franco. She prays a great deal, delicate hands clasped in faithful, believing prayers, and cannot understand why any thinking person would want votes instead of prayers to guide the State.

Elections are not for Spain, certainly not for "street sweepers." "I do not know what your street sweepers in America know that qualifies them to tell the government what to do, but here they know nothing." She recalls 1936 with a grimace, a slight shudder, the last Spanish government picked by street sweepers: disorder, churches burned, two first cousins shot by the Reds; Reds dominant and everywhere, she herself taken to prison to be shot, rescued at the last moment. (By Reds? "Reds shoot, not rescue, people who worship God.")

Now, she asks, is there to come again the day of the street sweepers? Already it is coming to Portugal, brought on, inexplicably, by the army—you see what has already happened to Portugal in a

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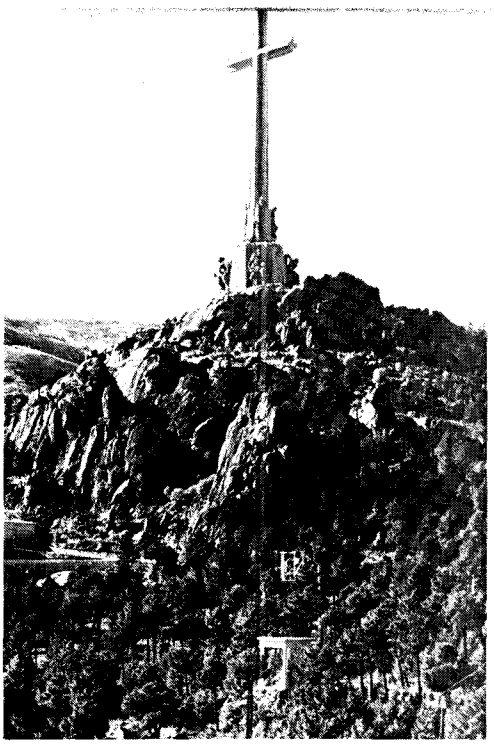

thoughts of loss and what might have been."

year; is it to be Spain's turn next, no lesson learned from the mess next door?

There is a madness loose in Europe, she says—Europe shouting about Franco executing Basque murderers of policemen, nobody shouting about the policemen; the Church grown soft, its murdered priests forgotten; and now foreigners demanding "elections" in Spain, as if it were their business: do we tell them they must restore their kings? In Spain the malcontents, given too much rein by Franco in his failing years, undermining the universities where they teach our children to be Reds, an undermining that the State should never have put up with, much less have paid for; and now these same malcontents telling Don Juan Carlos, whom they hate and have always opposed, that he must take into the government the *chaqueteros*—Ruiz Giminez, Areilza, all the Francoists-turned-critics: the contemptible opportunists suddenly made into tests of the acceptability of the Prince. In her hostility to them she sounds as unreconcilable as some in the opposition who deny that anyone can ever be trusted who fought against the republic and then worked for Franco; and I wonder whether such divergent antagonisms could possibly find common ground.

The Prince, she says suddenly, almost as if my thoughts are audible—ah, no *chaquetero* he. A loyal and honorable man, religious, the only hope for calm, for order, a man who understands and cherishes the values of the real Spain, the Prince would protect these values, these institutions; there would be changes (changes are life), but there would be security, too. One could sleep at night; the streets would be safe. The Prince is trained; he is fair. He knows the evils of disorder and communism. "We cannot have rioting here; I am too old to run from guns and bombs or to start again in some other country. If Europe accepts Don Juan Carlos, he can hold things together. Why can't they see that and help him? What do they gain if the Bolsheviks bring us to chaos here?"

"Europe," I say, "will not help anyone who resists elections. Juan Carlos needs the people you call *chaqueteros* to show that he intends to allow elections. If you want Europe to accept the Prince, you will have to accept elections."

At that instant the direction of the succession—confrontation or compromise, perhaps war or peace—seemed to hang on her silence. "But will you be as eager," she asks at length, "to rescue me after these famous elections if they put me again in prison for praying to God, as you were to rescue my son when he was put there for plotting against the government? You won't be; nobody will be. Without the Prince we will be forgotten in the prisons while Europe celebrates the elections. So we will have to resist if they try to drive out Don Juan Carlos. They will buy the street sweepers and brainwash the students and frighten the bourgeoisie, and say such 'elections' decide what it is right to do. Then they will do terrible things in the holy name of democracy."

I do not ask her to define precisely who "they" might be. With the distance of time, the experiences of the Thirties have all come together in one horror—the Reds and Anarchists, who had shot priests and cousins, and the Republicans, who had rescued her from the Reds: all subsumed in one giant vengeful "they." Much of the street-sweeper problem she blames on the ignorance of people too young to remember the Second Republic and the Civil War. "My son," she says, "came home from prison after I used all this family's influence to get him out. He stood in this room, the heritage of his family all around him, and he made a clenched fist. Do you know his first words? '*Viva la República*,' he said. If the republic had won, he would have no rooms like this to mock or to come home to from prison. Oh, what a test it all is of even a mother's patience."

And what a tribute, I think, to the efforts of the offspring of privileged parents—parents who had spent fortunes and fought wars to save Spain for their children only to find them in prison for trying to overturn the victory of their own mothers and fathers. All over Spain tormented aristocrats—"ultra-rightists," they are usually called, by themselves and their worst enemies alike—have had to live the same dilemma; and however they have worked it out, attitudes cannot be what they would be if the next generation had rallied to their old banner.

Rearguing history, I say, is no way to a happier future. "There's no proposal for a republic now," I add. "Couldn't you all agree, even you and your children, to '*Viva el Principe*'? Wouldn't that be better than more conflict, more bitterness?"

For a moment I think the old lady is going to accede. Then she says, "I think you must mean '*Arriba el Principe*,'" and there is a stress on the Falangist verb she has substituted for my Republican *viva*. Still, it is a unity of some sort, if only around a proper noun, a noun modified at that by an undefined overused catchword called *elections*; and I depart wondering whether clashing symbolic verbs can undo overlapping substantive agreement.

BACK TO THE HOTEL late that first night, through middle-class crowds in streets once filled with industrial workers in shabby clothes, many of them desperate refugees from peasantry. Cafés still open, even bars, young people like young people in London or San Francisco (a bit better dressed, perhaps), rock music, big advertisements urging people to read the "continuing debate" in the Falange newspaper, movie posters with breasts peeking out. I remember when the regime had decided that everyone should eat dinner earlier, and the city should close down earlier—perhaps as broad a resistance as the regime ever brought on itself. But the breasts still only peek out on Madrid posters, I think, perhaps the greatest of Franco's Canute achievements: he kept two or three inches of bosom under wraps for an extra six or seven years. In six more months breasts, too, shall appear.

Then suddenly two street sweepers in front of the hotel—more accurately, one man sweeping the street and one hosing it. I greet and am greeted politely, deferentially, as is still the custom among older Spanish workers dealing with visitors from another world. We discuss the

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weather and the cleaning of the streets; I drift into a comment about the dying Generalissimo. The old reflex: caution, puzzlement, evasion; a stranger talking politics: the Generalissimo dying is clearly politics. I mention the Prince, to ease anxieties. We all wish the Prince well. "*Arriba el Principe*," I say absentmindedly in farewell. "*Viva el Principe*," I hear from behind as I enter the hotel.

A FRESH AIR is settling on Madrid; there is the sense that buds are peeking around to see if spring will last this time. If it does, it's clear that very quickly there won't be much more left of the sullen Madrid that has moped and wriggled under a turgid blanket for 35 years than there is of the defiant Madrid that transformed a proper noun into a rallying cry of several generations. All at once the city is expectant, expectant and calm, the calm not ruffled even by Franco's interminable lingering or by the rumblings from the Spanish Sahara. Fists and stomachs are coming unclenched in the realization that Franco is irrevocably terminal despite the brigade of peasants one pictures lined up at gunpoint outside the death chamber, ready to provide substitute parts to replace failed organs. For the first time anyone can remember, people think of Franco and smile.

I dine with an assortment of Socialists and government functionaries, once high-school classmates, divided by years of bitterly different experiences, and it is like a reunion. I talk to an official at the American Embassy who is matter-of-fact about the "pleasant" lunch the ambassador fed recently to Felipe Gonzalez, the new young head of the Socialist Party; I think of all the years when Third Secretaries with redundant names like Putnam Lowell felt venturesome every time they slipped off to an unobserved cocktail with an opposition figure, and I know that even the embassy has decided that Franco is dead or close to it. Then word comes that the army has undertaken, of all things, to protect two "personalities" of the Left who have been threatened by "off-duty police."

It is announced that Franco is eating while his stomach bleeds, and I go off with old Spanish friends to the Valley of the Fallen. Here Franco dramatized his peculiar notion of the way to restore unity to Spain by forcing Republican political prisoners to rebury Republican war dead under Nationalist flags and slogans. And here, when the country was desperate for housing and schools and hospitals, Franco spent billions of pesetas erecting a cross 495 feet high and hacking the world's largest church and his own tomb out of the hard rock of a mountain.

"What is certain is that this moment, this confluence of opportunities, is evanescent, is passing even now, and cannot be summoned back if squandered."

We stop at the gate, and the guard asks for the entrance fee. That's very inexpensive to see Franco's grave, we say, and realize the remark would have made us nervous not long ago. "Even though he's not in it yet?" the guard replies and waves us in free.

In the vast, empty mausoleum, surrounded by buried soldiers and the smell of votive candles burning, one finds it hard to shed an attack of history. One is overwhelmed by thoughts of loss, by wonderings about what might have been. "*Un sang dont nous ne pouvons pas nous laver les mains*," a French magazine called the Spanish Civil War, and surely few scars have lasted as long or remained as raw for as many people in as many distant places. I find myself humming "*Madrid, que bien résiste*," feeling a little triumphant and a little silly, and feeling again the wound at the heart that brought me to this improbable spot.

I realize how odd it is to feel something so sharply after all these years, but terrible things have kept happening since it began, way back, in Guernica decimated, in children dead from mass bombings of open cities, in the massacres of Majorca and the bull ring of Badajoz. After that there was Franco heiling in tandem with Hitler, reviewing goose-stepping troops about to go off to try to finish the conquest of the world; and then the decade of democracy renascent, Mussolini hanging by his ankles, the bunker burying its evil, the Emperor of Japan becoming mortal, while through it all Franco's prisons overflowed, the Spanish people silenced, Spanish refugees starving and forgotten in foul camps far from home. And then the last chapter, perhaps the least comprehensible: Franco alone, Franco vulnerable till rescued by America, the triumphant fresh new world protecting the last partner of Hitler, the unrepentant bully-ghost of the old, without even trying to moderate the oppression of Spaniards who had fought on our side in return for the rescue. So one feels even now the needless suffering, and the guilt of knowing how much one's country has contributed to it, and the concern that that contribution may not yet have been concluded.

Needless suffering? It is not, of course, given to us to know what would have happened if what happened had not happened, if the republic had been allowed to win, or if Franco had not been allowed to survive his allies. A Stalinist dictatorship would have been as bad or worse for most of the Spanish people, but it is hard to see how a Stalinist dictatorship could have survived for long in Spain—yet it is hard to see how a Fascist dictatorship could, and it did.

If we had helped when so many Spaniards bought time for Western democracy at such dreadful cost to themselves, might Prague have been spared, or Paris or London or Bataan or Guadalcanal? Was Munich inevitable, and Dachau, and the Hitler-Stalin pact, and so on to Hiroshima and the Berlin wall and the bridge at Andau and the Bay of Pigs and Vietnam? Could Communist misbehavior in Spain and Poland have been avoided or tempered if ours toward Spain and Czechoslovakia had been, and so perhaps some kind of understanding if not cooperation preserved that would have minimized the post-war ordeal of Eastern Europe and the polarizing of the post-Hitler planet?

If it is foolish to underestimate the chasm that separated Western and Soviet attitudes so fatefully in the Thirties and Forties, it is also simplistic not to wonder whether the paranoid viciousness of emergent communism might have been modified had the Western democracies resisted sooner the calculated viciousness of emergent fascism.

But even if nothing anyone could have done in or about Spain would have averted World War II or the Cold War, what if democratic countries had helped the republic during the Civil War instead of driving it to dependence on the Soviet Union? Is it inconceivable that democracy triumphant in Spain could have headed off extremes of anticlerical misconduct and thus defused the antagonism over Franco that poisoned relations between American Catholics and liberals

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at a time that was so critical?

What a difference it might have made if McCarthy and Nixon had not been helped in their rise by the extravagant emotions about Spain that led so many Catholics to suspect liberals of being soft on communism, and so many liberals to suspect Catholics of being soft on fascism: isn't it just possible that a different Spanish experience, perhaps even a concern shared as it is now about Portugal, could have spared America the unhappy period of the exploited neurosis that led first to such destructive mistrust at home and then to such devastating consequences in Indochina? Maybe Cardinal Spellman would not have attacked Mrs. Roosevelt (after all, she had been rather good about Al Smith); and maybe John F. Kennedy would have been nominated for Vice-President in 1956, thus perhaps ruining his career, or perhaps saving him from assassination so that we could have him now. But we wonder too far—that way lie screenplays or madness.

What is clear is that this has been a long and dark passage for the Spanish people, who did more than most people to keep their freedom and who have suffered more than most people because outside forces were visited upon them.

"One's personal assessment of American behavior in Spain must be affected by the long hurt of feeling years of hate directed at one's flag by one's friends."

And it is hard to see how their suffering has helped us, even if our own needs could be said to justify making the lives of others more difficult.

On the other hand, the United States has not paid the conspicuous price for its misconduct in Spain that it has paid elsewhere. With our help, the repression outlasted several generations of potential anti-American rioters; and there will be those who say that even if the American bases are closed soon, they will have served their purpose: we had them when we needed them—and at the minimal cost of an insurance policy whose existence may have helped avert the fire it never had to be used to put out. The policy, it will be argued, thus succeeded: Franco survived, Spain is not Communist, American investment flourishes; even the American Embassy is not bombed.

Had the gamble failed, had the dictatorship fallen despite all the United States did to sustain it, it would have been a spectacular failure; but to argue that the gamble was not worth the risk of failure is to argue theory against results. To argue that nations pay for immoral misuse of power is to argue theology; to talk about costs of policies in global intangibles is to sound fuzzy in a discussion with people who pride themselves on their pragmatism.

Furthermore, one's personal assessment of American behavior in Spain must be affected by the long hurt of feeling years of hate directed at one's flag by one's friends. My thoughts fly to an old bishop, 90 and blind, returned to his village at the end of life from exile for opposing Franco in the war, spitting at my American accent, "What has become of the soul of your country? Even my church has learned that to lie with tyrants is to stink of tyranny."

The bishop of course is dead; two decades of angry students have graduated into careers where private distaste for American policy will not affect their purchasing habits, and whom they boo privately on newscasts affects nothing at all.

But there have been other consequences, wider costs if less tangible ones, that should at least be noted before we conclude that unclosed bases and an unbombed embassy equal a successful foreign policy.

I STILL WONDER at times whatever got into otherwise thoughtful people like Adlai Stevenson where Spain was concerned. Political considerations can explain many things, and there was certainly a price to pay in the United States in the Fifties and Sixties for outspoken opposition to Franco; the few who were prepared to pay the price were people like Herbert Lehman and Eleanor Roosevelt, people who were extraordinary in any event. But Adlai Stevenson twice chose to go to Spain and pose with high officials after his elective career was over, both visits coming at moments of special difficulty for the opposition; and the second visit was even less understandable than the first, because it took place after Walter Reuther, Norman Thomas, and I had sent him a petition signed by Socialist and Christian Democratic leaders whom he had refused to meet on his first visit, pleading that he not "damage" Spanish democrats in the same way again.

The "damage" referred to was two-sided: it helped the Spanish government at a rough moment; and it helped the Spanish Communist Party, perhaps even more than it helped the government. These were the concerns of the people who sent the petition; they were of course concerns of mine, too, but I had another: the drain on what Wendell Willkie had called the "reservoir of good will" for America around the world.

Global results are, after all, the only practical measure of foreign policy. And the feeling of the world about the United States is not hard to measure. Anyone who lived through the glory of being an American during and early after World War II knows that that glory resulted not only from strength and wealth, but from an almost universal sense of fraternity as well. We have retained the strength, squandered the wealth, and ended the fraternity. Except where Communist misconduct is blatant and immediately at hand, the reservoir is dry or close to it. Our isolation is unsolicited and inverted: we retain bases, we crave approval, we lobby for votes at the United

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" 'It was in Spain,' Albert Camus wrote, 'that men learned that one can be right and yet be beaten . . . that there are times when courage is not its own recompense.' "

Nations; almost everyone wants the bases out, intellectuals see in us the wave of the past, and fewer and fewer countries vote with us at the United Nations even as our position becomes more and more sensible and justifiable.

How easy to dismiss it all as inevitable or as the result of national jealousies or Communist plots or Arab oil—or to decide that world opinion is inconsequential in any case. But to refuse to examine a 25-year erosion is no way for practical people to measure the effect of a policy designed to be pragmatic, and is certainly no way to determine future policy.

The questions basic to any realistic assessment of the results of American foreign policy since the first aid to Franco was voted over President Truman's opposition are almost never asked: is it really desirable to have arrived so quickly at so lowly a place in world esteem? And if it is not desirable, was it really necessary?

In so grand an overview, Spain is clearly a small factor; but Spain as symbol and Spain as consequence of general attitude are not. Our sins in Spain seem minor compared with some we have committed. They do not seem minor, of course, to Spaniards, who come from 35 years of darkness blinking uncertainly, and noticing not very sadly that the sun that radiated energy into their oppressor seems to be sinking.

And from the point of view of our national well-being, were bases in Spain, and assistance to Salazar, and make-believe about China, and toleration of apartheid, and intervention in the Dominican Republic, and war in Indochina, and lecturing new countries steering a wobbly course between polarized titans about the immorality of not "aligning" themselves with us—were these, and the rest of the policies that derived from what was thought of as hard-headed realism, were these wise policies, even if measured only by the standards of those who set the policies?

If a program devised to contain Communists ends up somehow containing the containers, is it really fuzzy to judge the policy a failure? Might we not have done better to worry more about other people's sensibilities and priorities if we wanted them to worry about ours? Are we to reap a disagreeable and perhaps unnecessary harvest of our own planting, and never even notice that we planted it?

As I LEFT SPAIN, there were sad signs of old times, or rather signs that there was not yet an end to old times. Some political arrests occurred, and the sense of instant replay almost drowned out the possibility that these were the actions of intransigent subordinates rather than government policy. Men conditioned by long repression saw a pattern emerging for the new regime in what might have been individual acts of harassment, much as a pin-prick may seem a sword wound to a body running a fever. Sober men and women began to talk of the inevitability of upheaval, of greater acceptance even of acts of violence, if the government decided to ignore the general yearning in deference to particular pressures.

It seemed that buds were retreating from an atmosphere once again weary, the air murky, the odor familiar. One realized how quickly fists and stomachs could reclench when nervous systems had not had time to develop new reflexes, how inescapable was the lurching between fear rooted in memory and overblown hopes, how fragile is everyone's trust in government and in everyone else's motives—and how essential such trust is if protest and repression in escalating counterpoint are not to undo the Prince before anything better could possibly replace him. There arose in the mind the image of a man negotiating a high wire over an abyss with a coronet teetering on his head while ideologues with knives in their souls and teeth crept toward both ends of the wire, the man inexperienced on high wires, balancing his way along, fighting against time measured on a blurred clock while a throng of well-wishers inhaled and prayed below, shouting encouragement, whispering advice, trying to warn about the knives.

Melodramatics, to be sure, but not much farther from reality than the flow of bulletins from the imaginative parade of physicians, surgeons, and mind readers that kept reporting Franco always lucid through his various comas, Franco issuing edicts as he rallied to one more call to duty, Franco receiving the tribute of thousands through the cordon of plugs and devices that suggested at least a limited deathbed conversion to modernization. It occurred to me that it may not be precisely the kind of miracle he would have planned, but Franco had managed to make Spain the only place on Earth where the restoration of the Bourbons could be described as a giant step forward in 1975.

For everyone concerned it is a remarkable moment: for Juan Carlos, the most improbable of kings, born in the second third of the 20th century of a royal house whose thrones had been abolished, the unearned opportunity to overrule history's judgment that his is a family that learns nothing and forgets nothing; for Spain, the overdue opportunity to heal wounds and right wrongs without renewing wars; for America and democracy, once more the opportunity to help a battered and deserving people to find their own way, knowing that if that is finally permitted to occur, a great symbol of past misconduct may at last be replaced by an example of democracy resurgent. In an age of humanitarian values in disarray, such a replacement may do almost as much good today as the defeat in Spain did damage 35 years ago.

It is true that the last Bourbon citizen-king departed the throne of France generally unmourned, as it is true that healing wounds is not a procedure found to have occurred frequently in Spanish history—and above all, as it is true that nothing in America's conduct toward Spain during our lifetime gives precedent for our behaving as we should. Still, it is a remarkable confluence of opportunities, and maybe everyone has at last learned something—Bourbons, Spaniards, and Americans. What is certain is that this moment, this confluence of opportunities, is evanescent, is passing even now, and cannot be summoned back if squandered.

"It was in Spain," Albert Camus wrote, "that men learned that one can be right and yet be beaten, that force can vanquish spirit, that there are times when courage is not its own recompense. It is this, doubtless, which explains why so many men the world over regard the Spanish drama as a personal tragedy."

And why so many men the world over pray that now the Spanish tragedy may finally be ending. □

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Artemus Ward: The Man Who Made Lincoln Laugh

From *Vanity Fair*, May 24, 1862
Artemus Ward as a public lecturer

by John J. Pullen

Abraham Lincoln's campaign for the Presidency in 1860 was modest in the extreme. He simply stayed at home in Springfield, receiving visitors and writing letters. However, this is not to say that Republican politicians were not active in his behalf or that political flimflammery was not at its customary height. Republican propaganda portrayed Lincoln as a poor but honest rail-splitter, and there was great traffic in the rails he had supposedly produced. These were carried by marching clubs, displayed at rallies, and used as general campaign symbols. One Republican newspaper described a rail on exhibit in Chicago as one of "3,000 split by 'honest Old Abe' 30 years ago on the Sangamon River bottom."

To young Charles F. Brown, associate editor of the *Cleveland Daily Plain Dealer*, a newspaper backing Stephen A. Douglas, it seemed proper to observe that Lincoln must have been frantically busy to have split all those rails. Brown, in addition to carrying out his editorial duties, wrote a daily column entitled "City Facts and Fancies," and as one of the "fancies," he composed a story about a trip that the Official Committee, chosen to notify Lincoln of his nomination, made to Springfield. This group had found him splitting rails out in the woods, the story said, and it went on: "There stood Honest Old Abe in his shirt sleeves, a pair of homemade leather suspenders holding up a pair of homemade pantaloons. . . . 'Mr. Lincoln, Sir, you've been nominated, Sir, for the highest office, Sir,—' 'Oh, don't bother me,' said Honest Old Abe. 'I took a stent this mornin' to split 3 million rails afore night, and I don't want to be pestered with no stuff about no Conventions till I get my stent done.' "

A few weeks later a letter from Charles Hanks, Lincoln's cousin, appeared in the regular columns of the *Plain Dealer*, probably by Brown's choice. In the letter Hanks said, "I lived within two miles of the Lincoln farm from the time it was settled up to 1857, and during these early times our farms were subject to being wasted by devastating fires, and I know the fence around the Lincoln farm was consumed at least three times. And I know that after the Lincoln family had left the farm, . . . the fence was again burned. . . . I think, and I am almost certain, that the rails that are being worshipped all over the North as Lincoln rails, were made by poor Bill Strickland, who is now poor, blind, helpless, and in the Macon County poorhouse. And if these philanthropic Republicans would allow me to make one suggestion, it would be to help poor Bill Strickland, who really did make the rails, and who is as honest as Abe or anybody else."

The *Plain Dealer*, in addition to supporting Stephen A. Douglas in its regular editions, issued a weekly specifically aimed at promoting the Douglas candidacy. It was called the *Campaign Plain Dealer and Popular Sovereignty Advocate*. Brown was also associate editor of this publication, which by July of 1860 was running 40,000 copies a week. It is fairly certain that Brown secretly admired Lincoln; so it is understandable that the *Campaign Plain Dealer* was never particularly hard on the Republican candidate personally. There was nothing much worse than a mention of the Black Hawk War with reference to Lincoln's admitted homeliness: "The Indians, when they came to see his face, gave one whoop and surrendered." Political cartoons were printed, but the cartoonist was so bad that he defeated his own purpose; his caricatures were hardly recognizable as Abraham Lincoln or any other known human being. Rather than attacking Lincoln personally, the *Plain Dealer* concentrated on the unwisdom of electing a man whose inauguration would instantly move the country off the basis of rational discussion, however shaky, that it still maintained, and into the madness and slaughter of war.

In disposition and intellect, Abraham Lincoln and Charles Brown had much in common. Brown was what his young friend and fellow newspaperman in Ohio, W. D. Howells, once called "a Westernized Yankee." Said Howells, "He added an Ohio way of talking to the Maine way of thinking, and he so became a literary product of a rarer and stranger sort than our literature had otherwise known." In Maine after his father had died, Brown was put out by his mother at the age of 13 to be an apprentice printer. After he became a journeyman, he worked his way from printshop to printshop, and from type case to editorial desk, and arrived on the *Plain Dealer* at age 23. In the process, he had been knocked around a bit, and while preserving his good nature he had also developed a pronounced wariness toward religionists, politicians, and self-styled authorities of every kind. This philosophy is clearly evident in the essays Brown wrote for "City Facts and Fancies." One in particular, which pointed at certain obvious inconsistencies in religious dogma, went on to declare that "these contradictions

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John J. Pullen, who is writing a book about Artemus Ward, is the author of several works, including The Twentieth Maine.

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are too palpable, and only teach that man, God's own incarnate image, was never meant to trust in Prophets, Priests, Soothsayers, Apostles, nor in Angels even as infallible guides, only as phenomenon and fact harmonize with the Jove within the individual soul." (These words call to mind Lincoln's reservations concerning "the long, complicated statement of Christian doctrine.") The real enemy of mankind, as Brown saw it, was plain old humbug, usually preceded by "Thus saith the Lord" or "Thus saith the expert" or thus saith something other than one's own God-given common sense.

However, this deeper and more serious part of Brown's intellectual nature was to be obscured by another aspect of his character. A gaunt, angular young man whose trousers and sleeves never seemed quite to cover his long limbs, Brown customarily wore an aspect of soberness, even melancholy. Yet humor bubbled up out of him, as a friend said, "from a placid and almost serious countenance, as sudden and unexpected as a flash of lightning from a cloudless sky." One January day early in 1860, Brown was wondering how he could fill his column, and he thought of doing what he had done many times before—inserting a letter from a fictitious correspondent. He began, "Mr. Artemus Ward, proprietor of the well-known side show, writes us from Pittsburgh as follows . . ."

Once this antic figure had sprung out of Brown's ink bottle, it seemed to take on a life of its own. Artemus Ward continued writing to the *Plain Dealer*, describing, in eccentrically spelled letters, his strange adventures in various cities where he exhibited a collection of waxworks, "snaiks," and wild "beests," among which were "three moral bares." (Everything in those days—poem, song, story, play, even a sideshow, had to have a moral, and Artemus Ward's show conformed, even to his "moral waxworks of celebrated piruts and murderers.") A good deal of Brown's own philosophy came through in Artemus Ward. But once the American public had seized upon the Old Showman with delight (a process that was facilitated by the postage-free system of newspaper "exchanges" of that day), Artemus pretty much took over and Brown himself soon became known as Artemus Ward, frequently signing himself "A. Ward."

One of the things people liked about Artemus Ward was his good-natured irreverence toward figures in high places. In an interview in Canada with the Prince of Wales, Artemus told Victoria's eldest son, "When you git to be King try and be as good a man as yure muther has bin!" Later, on the occasion of Edward's marriage to the Princess Alexandra, Artemus wrote him a letter containing this fatherly advice: "There's varis ways of managin' a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. . . . Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to you both." He was somewhat less cordial in speaking of American dignitaries. "I have allers sustained a good moral character.

From *Artemus Ward in London*

Artemus Ward, the showman, is seized by one of his own "beests."

I never was a railroad director in my life." And, "I'm not a politician and my other habits air good." Congressmen he evidently considered to be beneath or unable to understand his customary kindliness. "Go home you mizzeable devils!" he once told them. "Go home!"

The ideal citizen and statesman was "G. Washington." Artemus wrote, "Whare bowts can George's ekal be fownd? I ask & boldly anser, no whares, or eny whare else. . . . He never slopt over! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER!" There is every evidence, in addition to Brown's having pulled his anti-Lincoln punches on the *Plain Dealer*, that Artemus Ward and his creator thought equally well of "A. Linkin." This feeling was to be demonstrated when Brown left the *Plain Dealer* and went to New York, where in 1861 he become editor of the nation's leading comic weekly, *Vanity Fair*, dining in Pfaff's cellar restaurant with Walt Whitman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, William Winter, Edmund C. Stedman, and others who were trying to make New York a literary capital distinct from the luminous and much more "respectable" Boston-Concord-Cambridge circle. On an equally exciting level, fame led him to the beginning of an affair with Adah Isaacs Menken, the actress and poet whose intellectual and physical qualities were later to fascinate so many other literary men.

In spite of these sophisticated big-city distractions, Brown continued to keep his feet on the firm earth of his Maine and Midwest background. On *Vanity Fair* he wrote, for example, a series of burlesques of the high-flown sentimental romances of the day. He also kept on using Artemus Ward as a delightful guerrilla warrior against whatever was pretentious, phony, or trite in America. But for A. Lincoln he had only sympathy.

One of the first Artemus Ward letters published by *Vanity Fair* presented the Old Showman visiting Lincoln at his home in Springfield right after his election and finding him overwhelmed by office-seekers, who were coming through the doors and windows and down the chimney, one even upsetting the President-elect while he tried to "crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applying for the tollgateship at Milwawky." Artemus drove the troublesome crowd away by threatening to open his cages and let the "wild beests of pray" loose among them. In May 1862 the Artemus Ward pieces were collected in a book. This became a best-seller, helped not a little by an incident that took place preceding a meeting of Lincoln's Cabinet on September 22, 1862, as related by Edward M. Stanton, Secretary of War. When Stanton entered the room, he said, everyone was on hand waiting expectantly, but Lincoln was sitting there, chuckling and reading a little book. After a few moments he looked up and said, "Gentlemen, did you ever read anything from Artemus Ward? Let me read you a chapter that is very funny." He then read them "High Handed Outrage at Utica," a spoof on fundamentalist religion, short enough to be quoted in full:

In the Faul of 1856, I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of New York.

The people gave me a cordyal recepshun. The press was loud in her prases.

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1 day as I was givin a descripshun of my Beests and Snaiks in my usual flowry stile what was my skorn & disgust to see a big burly fellow walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the son are you abowt?" cried I.

Sez he, "What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur?" & he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

Sez I, "You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle."

Sez he, "That's all very well fur you to say but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunerty by a darn site!" with which observashun he kaved in Judassis hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies in Utiky. I sood him, and the Joory brawt in a verdick of Arson in the 3rd degree.

At the conclusion of the story Lincoln was convulsed with mirth. But according to Stanton, no one joined the President's laughter. After all, these were tragic times, and the members of the Cabinet were there, presumably, on serious business. "Well," said the President, "Let's have another chapter." Pausing to chuckle now and then, the President of the United States continued reading from the funny book in which he was referred to as "Old Abe Linkin." Stanton confessed to having been angered by what seemed to be pure buffoonery. He said he was considering walking out when abruptly Lincoln put the book down, sighed deeply, and said: "Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh I should die, and you need this medicine as much as I do." Lincoln then proceeded to the matter at hand. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have called you here on very important business. I have prepared a little paper of much significance." It was the Emancipation Proclamation.

After Lincoln had read and explained the document, Stanton's attitude changed. As he recalled the moment, "I always tried to be calm, but I think I lost my calmness for a moment and with great enthusiasm I arose, approached the President, extended my hand and said: 'Mr. President, if reading the chapters of Artemus Ward is a prelude to a deed such as this, the book should be filed among the archives of the nation and its author should be canonized.' "

The book from which Lincoln read never made it to the archives, but it is now in the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Yale.

At odd moments Lincoln continued to derive relief and amusement from the pages of Artemus Ward, and he borrowed expressions from them from time to time. One of these has been characterized as the world's best book review: "Those who like this sort of thing will find this just the sort of thing they like." Lincoln gave it as his judgment when he was asked for his opinion of a work on a subject akin to spiritualism, and the wordplay can be traced to Artemus Ward. Carl Sandburg says that the witticism appeared in a fake endorsement, signed "O. Abe," which Brown fabricated to commend one of his own lectures. It also appeared in a letter Brown wrote to a lady friend in London: "I send you my carte d'visite. It represents me in a studious attitude, and for those who admire my style of beauty it is undoubtedly just that style of beauty which people who admire my style of beauty admire."

From *Artemus Ward His Book*
Ward, the traveling showman, is confronted by a female reformer.

On the day after the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, Congressman Isaac N. Arnold of Illinois, calling at the President's office, found him again reading *Artemus Ward His Book*. Arnold was oppressed by the pall of gloom hanging over the North at that moment, and he couldn't help an expression of shock. Noticing his concern, Lincoln told him what he had told the Cabinet: that if he could not have found momentary relief from the crushing burdens of the war, his heart would have broken. On still another occasion a Union general found him reading from *Artemus Ward His Book*—this time behind closed doors. Lincoln had learned by then that his fondness for Artemus was likely to be misunderstood.

So far as is known, Lincoln made his last reference to Artemus Ward on April 5, 1865. The President was at City Point, Va., eagerly reading telegraphic dispatches from Grant's columns as they and Lee's forces moved toward their final rendezvous at Appomattox. Something about the pursuit reminded Lincoln of an Artemus Ward story, and he recited the yarn: a ridiculous tale about a canal boat called the *Sary Jane* that was chased by a pirate craft along the Wabash canal. (The *Sary Jane* escaped through the stratagem of scattering oats along the canal path, so that the mules who were hauling the pirate ship stopped to eat the oats while the *Sary Jane* drew ahead and out of danger.) Ten days later Lincoln was dead.

By then Charles F. Brown had become a popular comic lecturer, known as Artemus Ward but appearing as himself, a slim, elegantly clad, scholarly looking figure who said the most ridiculous things with an important air of owlish solemnity. He had traveled all over the country in this role. One journey had taken him to California and back, the return trip by stagecoach through hostile Indian country in the dead of winter; its highlights had been a visit with Bret Harte in San Francisco and a week's binge with Mark Twain in Virginia City, Nev., during which he had persuaded the young and then-unknown journalist to send some of his writings to publications in the East—including "Jim Smiley and His Jumping Frog" (the original title)—and also had demonstrated a lecturing style that Mark was to follow and improve on. With the end of the war, Artemus went on a tour of the South, where he was equally popular. At New Orleans, in January 1866, he gave a benefit for the impoverished wife and children of Jefferson Davis, who was then in prison, and as a result he was severely chastised by diehards in the North. In June 1866 he went to London, where he wrote for *Punch* and completely captivated the English with his lectures. A lingering animosity still existed between the two countries following conflicts incident to the Civil War, but as the *Times* said, "When two persons laugh together, they cannot hate each other much as long as the laughter con-

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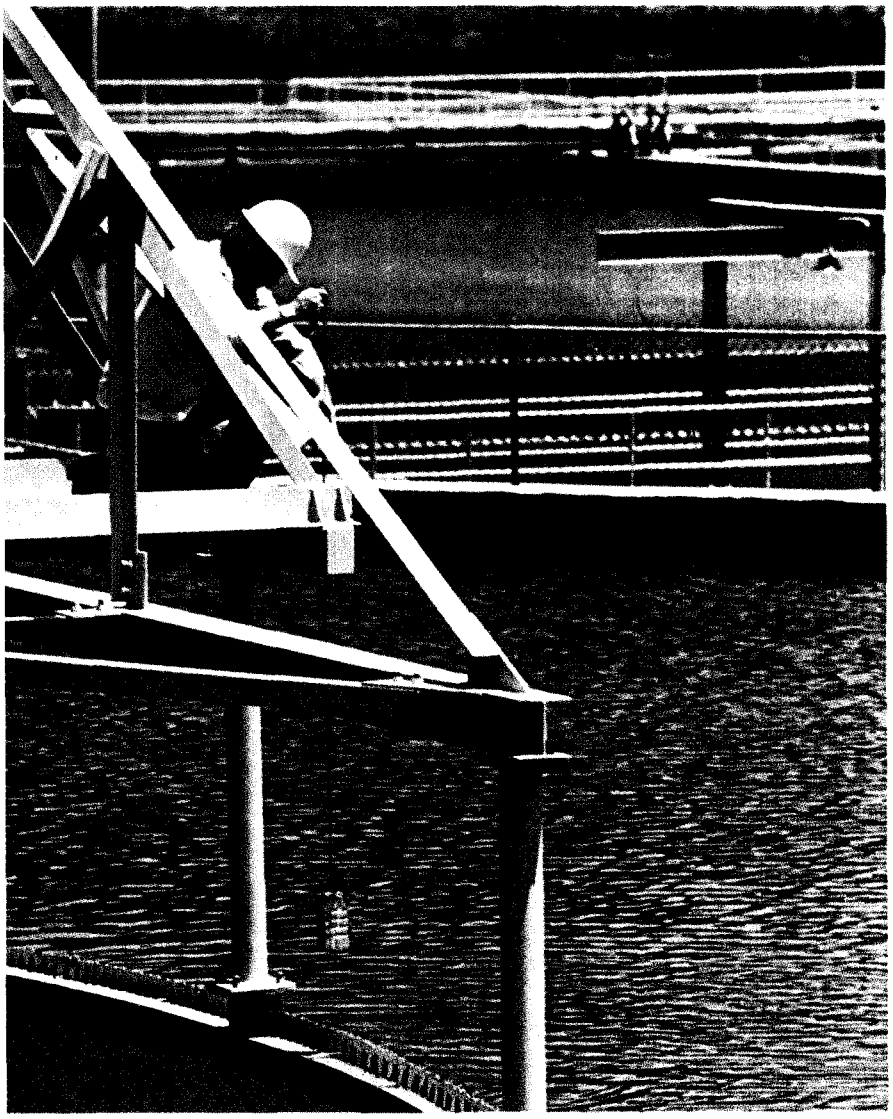
IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



Kansas City Water Department engineer takes a sample of Missouri River water for use in some of the 1,200 laboratory tests conducted every day.

New efficiency in purifying 'Big Muddy'

Each day the Kansas City, Missouri Water Department has the enormous job of pumping and purifying 100 million gallons of water from the Missouri River, which by the time it gets to Kansas City, has really earned its nickname, "Big Muddy."

In the summer of 1973, the city water department installed an IBM computer to help it operate more efficiently. The computer's immediate contribution was in more productive use of electricity. The average peak power demand per million gallons pumped has been cut by 13 per cent, and city officials say the system has more than paid its way in power savings.

More recently, programs have been developed to use the computer to improve procedures in the purification process itself. The department conducts an average of 1,200 laboratory tests a day. That figure may rise to 6,000 a day in the winter and spring when rapid variations in the quality of the river water make the process of water purification most difficult.

According to water department officials, the computer helps the staff respond more quickly to changes in the river and to reduce the overall use of chemicals needed to purify the water. The result is consistently better drinking water with greater control of costs for the people of Kansas City.

Less paperwork for policemen

The police in Longview, Texas report spending more time on patrol and less on paperwork since installing IBM typing and dictating equipment. Immediately after investigating a crime or an accident, an officer dictates his report from the nearest phone. It is recorded and typed in draft by a clerk. The typewriter then produces final copies automatically at 150 words-a-minute. According to police officials, the system gives patrolmen and detectives more time to do the most important parts of their jobs. It also provides fuller, more accurate reports because the officers dictate them while the facts are still fresh in their minds.

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Financial assistant Marcia Shannon, using small computer, finds she can complete reports in an hour that used to take two or three days.

Small computer proves effective tool in managing small business

In today's economic climate, business management is becoming increasingly complex. Large companies have been able to keep pace with this complexity by using modern data processing techniques. But in the past many small businesses simply could not afford the necessary equipment.

IBM's System/32, a computer specially designed for small business, was introduced to meet this need. The first company to install it was Midwest Industries, an Omaha, Nebraska construction firm. Within a month the company was making significant savings.

"When we did our job cost reports manually, they could get so far behind that it was nearly impossible to make meaningful management decisions," says Midwest chairman Al Daubman. "Today, all our information is kept right up to date on the computer. We can look at each current project and try various adjustments to increase our productivity and profitability. We've already found and corrected one problem that was costing us three times what we're paying for the computer."

The System/32 is the first IBM computer to be marketed with complete industry application packages available right from the start. This enabled Midwest to begin producing reports the day after the computer was installed.

"Our reports are much more readable than they were before, with far more accuracy," says financial assistant, Marcia Shannon. "With the System/32, I can now complete a report in one hour that previously took me two to three days to do by hand."

Administrative productivity helps hospital meet growth problem

With the rise in the demand for health care, many small hospitals need to increase productivity in handling the reports required by government and private health insurance programs.

Taft Hospital, in San Patricio County, Texas faced such a productivity problem in 1973. Taft had 40 beds, 112 employees, two doctors—and 60 percent of its patients on Medicare or Medicaid. Taft met the challenge by installing a small IBM computer. "We were facing a three-month backlog of paperwork," says hospital administrator Leo Davis, "and it was getting worse every day, with more requests for reports. Before we developed our computer system we simply couldn't comply."

Today, according to Mr. Davis, the hospital's paperwork stays current with the help of the computer. This, he says, has made it possible for Taft to contemplate future growth. Since solving the problem, the hospital has increased its staff by four doctors and is adding 40 new beds this year.

Practical texts help math teachers and students

According to a recent survey, 61 per cent of Americans between the ages of 26 and 35 can't decide whether the "large economy size" in a grocery store is really more economical, and 60 per cent can't figure out the cost of new carpeting for a room.

To better equip children for such everyday calculations, a highly effective math program for elementary schools has been developed by Science Research Associates, a subsidiary of IBM. In two years of field tests across the country, student achievement scores were 15-49 per cent higher than normally expected for grades one through eight. The program now is being adopted for regular use by many schools nationwide.

Teacher Susan Phillips of Underwood Hills School in Omaha involves students in solving math problem.

The textbooks and teacher guides, designed to make it easier for children to learn—and for teachers to teach—focus on *practical* math. While there's still plenty of drill to ensure mastery of the basic skills, many of the problems deal with everyday situations such as the supermarket or the cafeteria so that students can see the usefulness of what they are learning. Since some students learn faster than others, the program can be individualized to help them progress at their own pace.

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tinues." The lectures, which began November 13, 1866, promised to have a long run at Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. Ward's old friend Henry Watterson, then in London, remembered that every evening of the performance was a sort of ovation, seats were engaged a week in advance, and up and down Piccadilly "carriages bearing the first arms of the kingdom were parked night after night. . . . The success was complete. As to an American, London had never seen the like."

But Artemus Ward was ill. He might have recovered with proper care and rest. Instead he pushed himself to the limit. Forced to retire from the lecture platform on January 23, 1867, he died on March 7 at the age of 33. His funeral in London two days later took place in miserable weather, with near-freezing temperatures, flurries of snow, rattlings of hail. Yet more than 2,000 persons, including leading writers, artists, and actors, crowded into the chapel where services were held. Sorrow and adulation continued in scores of articles, in a poem in *The Spectator*, and in scholarly analyses. All this was a matter of some surprise in America. It is true that Artemus had arrived in England at a time when the strength of democracy as demonstrated by Union victory in the Civil War had led the British to regard America with increased respect and with a more serious interest in its culture. And also with a new sympathy. Typical was the reaction of *Punch* to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, whom it had savagely lampooned throughout most of the war. This had been one of the most remarkable examples of apology and self-chastisement ever seen in a magazine: the famous cartoon of Britannia placing a wreath on Lincoln's bier, with a poem on the facing page expressing sympathy and regret.

Still, the reception Artemus Ward had received in England was a surprising phenomenon to Americans. Soon after the Revolution, America had declared its intention to produce a national literature of its own and had ever since been nervously glancing over its shoulder at England, waiting for an admission that it had succeeded. This ambition had been the subject of insulting comments, such as those of Sydney Smith, who wondered why anyone would read an American book or why an American should write one. Why, indeed, when "a six-weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science and genius, in bales and hogsheads? Prairies, steamboats, gristmills, are their natural objects for centuries to come." As if in refutation of those snide remarks, America had produced, mostly in the more cultured centers of the East, writers of the caliber of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Longfellow, and others who rivaled England's best; yet there had been only polite nods of approbation—no great enthusiasm. James Russell Lowell was sadly remarking about this time, "It will take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage about us."

And now, after all that, here was England idolizing an *Artemus Ward*!

It appeared that what England considered admirable and distinctive was not coming from the halls of learning in the East, whence it should have come, but from the land beyond, of prairies, steamboats, and gristmills. It may be that this interpretation is oversimplified or at least too geographical. Then—and later—the English have seemed inclined to patronize American writers who write like Englishmen, as though saying, "Why should we admire them for what we do better?" Hence, perhaps, their admiration for Artemus Ward and later for Damon Runyon.

From *Artemus Ward His Book*

The traveling showman is assailed by a gang of youthful "seseshers."

The point, whatever it was, made by Ward's great success in England was not missed by Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and others of similar distinction who crossed the ocean to enjoy in England a welcome that Artemus had to some degree prepared for them—writers upon whom Ward had exercised an influence long before he left for London. In his book *San Francisco's Literary Frontier* Franklin Walker expresses the opinion that to Bret Harte, Artemus Ward was a revelation of a quality which was truly native to America—and that taking direction from this, Harte turned from the life of books to the life he found around him in the rough and vigorous mining camps. As for Mark Twain, W. D. Howells wrote that "in some of his beginnings Mark Twain formed himself from, if not on, Artemus Ward," although Howells was quick to point out that Twain's greater talent soon carried him far beyond imitation. A more general influence is noted in *The Times of Melville and Whitman* by Van Wyck Brooks, who said that Ward "was largely effective in changing the tone of thought and speech in more than one respect during these decades, deflating the bombast that throve on the stage with 'world-renowned tragedians,' in Congress, in thousands of orations on the Fourth of July. He made it impossible thenceforth to take their pomposity seriously, for he had a sharp eye for the pretentious and trite, and the change to a more natural style that followed in the press and the theatre alike was due in some measure at least to Artemus Ward."

Thus, although it could hardly be said that Ward contributed much directly to the "native American literature" everyone was looking for, in one way or another he had an effect that went far beyond his actual literary accomplishments. He had given emphasis to something written by his former associate Walt Whitman: "Always waiting untold in the souls of the armies of common people, is stuff better than anything that can possibly appear in the leadership of the same." In the same tone, *The London Review* said of A. Ward what it might also have said of his friend A. Lincoln: that his genius "was like our church service, in one respect, that is, made 'to be understanded of the common people.'"

A dispatch received by Secretary of State William H. Seward in Washington from one of his diplomats in England said, "The death of Mr. Brown has caused universal regret among the literary men of this country." Reading it, Seward could not have failed to remember the day when *Artemus Ward His Book* and the Emancipation Proclamation had lain on the table side by side. □

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An Eisenhower Aide Looks Back: Nominating a President

by Richard L. Tobin

In as cynical an atmosphere as U. S. history has ever provided, the American electorate will begin in the next few weeks the long and often devastating process of nominating a Presidential candidate for each of the two major political parties. Vietnam, Watergate, an atmosphere of assassination, and distrust of just about anything in government have combined to see to it that skepticism will pervade the Bicentennial campaign for the White House.

Not even the incumbent is safe. It's more than likely that President Ford will face the stiffest opposition for renomination, his chief rival being former Governor Reagan of California, who might just get the Republican endorsement but would have little or no chance of winning the election with only a right-wing conservative following.

It is not automatic for an incumbent to be renominated. As recently as the Truman and Johnson administrations, lack of endorsement for renomination, let alone reelection, forced these two political realists to withdraw before the convention. To make it even tougher on the present occupant, Gerald Ford was not elected but appointed to live in the White House.

So many candidates are running for the Democratic nomination that every poll is different—Senator Jackson leads one, Senator Bayh another, and Senators Harris, Udall, Bentsen, and Church and Sargent Shriver run well with their specialized constituencies. Governor Wallace, now crippled by an attempted assassination, will probably play less of a role than he has in the past two elections, while former Governor Carter of Georgia appears to have a chance to pick up Wallace's southern mantle.

So, where does that leave the Democrats? It leaves them with a consensus as of now—their old-time wheelhorse candidate who came within a whisper of beating Nixon in 1968, Senator Humphrey of Minnesota, the natural compromise candidate in the event of one of those stalemates for which the Democrats are famous. This is assuming that Senator Kennedy means what he says about being completely out of the picture. It also assumes that Governor Carey of New York will not have had time to capitalize on his startlingly successful rescue mission in New York City's recent crisis.

But nomination is the last act of the long, quadrennial drama. The first scene in 1976 opens February 24 in New Hampshire, to be followed almost at once by Massachusetts (March 2), Florida (March 9), Illinois (March 16), and North Carolina (March 23).

By the legal end of winter, then, we should know a lot more than we now know about who will represent each side on the November ballot, for the state primaries have a way of making some

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Richard L. Tobin, executive editor of SR, *was national publications director for Citizens for Eisenhower in 1955–56.*

Marilyn Church

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candidates and destroying others. Eisenhower whipped Taft and MacArthur in New Hampshire early in 1952 and went from strength to strength. Wendell Willkie, on the other hand, was defeated in the Wisconsin primary in 1944 and withdrew from politics forever. He died the following October.

The Democrats have not met in New York, as they will this July, since 1924, when Smith and McAdoo battled to a

"The hidden winner of November 1948 was not Harry Truman but Dwight David Eisenhower."

draw in the old Madison Square Garden and John W. Davis, a corporation lawyer nobody had heard of, became the sacrificial lamb to Warren G. Harding. In those days, however, it took a two-thirds vote of delegates for nomination, but it has been a simple majority since 1936 and FDR's second run. Dark horses won occasionally before the simple majority rule, but favorites have taken the nomination most times since, partly because in recent years television has opened conventions to public editing.

We do not have a national primary system in this country for the simple reason that it is not practical. Too many candidates want each nomination; there would have to be two preliminary Presidential primaries early in each year divisible by four, then a national nominating runoff vote for each party in the early fall. The national conventions, plus state primaries, seem to work out better, though the smoke-filled room cannot be wholly eliminated so long as there is politics in government, that is, never.

How, then, do people ever get nominated for President? It costs them a small fortune to run in each primary and then larger fortunes to pick up additional delegates before each convention assembles. The process is complex and expensive, but it helps either to be a national hero, a highly regarded governor or a senator, or to bear a famous name. Perhaps the story of how Dwight D. Eisenhower got the nomination would be enlightening at this point. I know about it because I was in on it from the start.

Near the end of World War II, Helen Rogers Reid, owner of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and William E. Robinson, her confidential assistant and later her publisher, decided between themselves that Dwight D. Eisenhower was the man to lead the Republican Party out of the morass of the New Deal back to the promised land of the White House.

The first inkling I had of a definite connection between the *Herald Tribune* and Dwight D. Eisenhower was in May 1944, when Bill Robinson phoned me on his arrival in London, where I was a war correspondent for the paper; he said he wanted to talk to me urgently but privately. Thinking the reason had to do with the paper, possibly even some new and important assignment for me (a young reporter's ego knows no bounds), I was over at his hotel within the hour. Bill greeted me with the great affection that had flowered between us from the moment we had first known each other in Forest Hills years before. I always thought he told me in confidence things he told no one else, though that is what everyone felt in his presence, I am sure.

I was brought into the outer room of a suite at the Claridge, and the only other person in the room was Clifford Roberts, who was introduced to me as a money man and the president of the Augusta National Golf Club. Robinson came to the point immediately. When the war was over (D-Day was only a few weeks away), there would be a great hue and cry by publishers around the world for Eisenhower's memoirs, though it was explained at once that General Ike "cares little for the money"—as silly a statement as Bill Robinson ever made to me. Robinson said that he and Mrs. Reid were going to work with Douglas M. Black, president of Doubleday, to try to arrange some way of having Ike's long-awaited post-war book given relatively tax-free status as a one-shot memoir. In other words, with the help of Roberts, Robinson, and others, it was to be arranged with the Treasury Department ahead of time to make anything Eisenhower wrote a capital gain instead of annual income.

Later this remarkable arrangement actually was carried out, largely through Robinson's efforts; and when Eisenhower's memoirs finally reached print a few years later, he was able to keep $475,000 out of the $635,000 fee Robinson had arranged for him with Doubleday and the *Herald Tribune*, after payment of the 25 percent capital gains tax. Some of this fee, of course, would come from the *Herald Tribune*'s worldwide pre-publication syndication of the Eisenhower memoirs in daily installments. Few neophyte writers in the history of our noble profession have ever received anything approaching comparable readership of their autobiographies prior to book publication. Helping Robinson to obtain a loophole in the tax laws for Eisenhower's first literary effort were such luminaries as Joseph E. Davies, a wealthy investment expert, and Donald Richberg, once a powerful New Deal inner circle figure under FDR, who, as it turned out, knew his way through the labyrinth of getting a specific bill past Congress.

I mention this particular item in detail because I believe it was the core of a clever master plan that Robinson and Roberts brought to fruition, giving Eisenhower a half-million-dollar nest egg for his first book, the first of a long series of contacts that grew into his successful nomination and election as President of the United States. This is not to say that the Robinson-Reid-Roberts combination promoted the nomination of Eisenhower all by themselves. There were dozens of other important, indeed vital, links in the nomination chain. But the fact is that in early 1944 Eisenhower took to Robinson immediately and trusted him from the outset. They were very much alike. They played golf together in Westchester County, on Long Island, and at Cliff Roberts's Augusta National in Georgia. They played bridge together whenever they could (Eisenhower once called up Robinson from Europe and told him to get on the next plane in New York because he was dying for a good bridge game and on the eastern edge of the Atlantic there was no one else who could fill in competently as a fourth). Robert Woodruff of Coca-Cola and W. Alton Jones of Cities Service, better known as Pete, were also frequent cronies of Eisenhower in the months after the war, when the first Eisenhower Presidential sprout showed through, both Republican and Democratic.

There has always been controversy over President Truman's offer to Eisenhower, in 1947, to stand behind Ike if the general wanted the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1948. According to Eisenhower sources, including Bill Robinson, Truman's Secretary of the Army, Kenneth B. Royall was the messenger boy, and though Truman later denied the story, Royall told Robinson

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point-blank that it had been a legitimate offer to Ike from the White House, perhaps the strangest trial balloon any President of the United States ever let fly. Royall told Robinson, who swore to it privately, that Truman would even agree to run as Vice-President if Eisenhower would take the top spot in 1948 on the Democratic ticket. Not many occupants of the White House have made so abject or amazing an overture.

The *Herald Tribune* had backed Willkie in 1940 and actually maneuvered his nomination in Philadelphia. Tom Dewey had been victim to the magic of FDR in 1944; but in 1948 against Harry Truman, he had it all locked up, everyone confidently believed, including Helen Reid, Bill Robinson, the *Chicago Tribune*, and anyone else connected in any way with political forecasting. Truman's upset of Dewey in November 1948 has to be the most astounding political upset of my journalistic life. By 8 A.M. of the morning after the election, the little man from Missouri needed only Ohio to reelect him, and this he got before lunchtime.

All the same, the hidden winner of November 1948 was not Harry Truman but Dwight David Eisenhower, who, with typical Ike luck, now saw utterly wiped out overnight four and possibly eight years of a Republican President named Dewey in the White House—which would have delayed or even killed Ike's chances. Nothing could have placed Eisenhower more nearly in the center of the Republican spotlight than this amazing turn of events, and those in the Reid-Robinson-Roberts coalition were by no means the only Ike backers aware of it that morning. Only recently an unhappy president of Columbia University, Eisenhower was now at the vortex of a political vacuum in which powerful newspaper publishers from coast to coast began to cultivate him every hour of the day and night.

In March 1952 New Hampshire held a Presidential preferential primary, and Henry Cabot Lodge, Bill Robinson, and Cliff Roberts saw to it that Ike's name was entered on the ballot, though the candidate himself pretended that he was not interested. The leading candidates in New Hampshire were Senator Taft, General MacArthur, Harold Stassen, and Eisenhower; and when Ike easily defeated Taft and utterly routed MacArthur (Ike won almost one-half of the 100,000 votes cast with 35,000 for Taft, and the rest were scattered among several candidates including MacArthur), the fat was in the fire and the *Herald Tribune*'s formal endorsement of Eisenhower at its famous Forum the previous October began to take the shape of true prophecy.

It would have cost Ike's backers close to six figures to set up the formal announcement of his Presidential candidacy from Abilene, Kans., in June 1952, but there were enough powers in the broadcasting network policymaking hierarchy already in Ike's camp to cover the event as "a public service." Looking back at it now, I find it astonishing that the original Citizens for Eisenhower took so long in viable formation, for the Republican Convention itself was only a few weeks away when the undoubted hero of World War II formally tossed his hat into a ring of hot sunflowers.

From three southern states—Texas, Georgia, and Louisiana—came Republi-

can delegates to Chicago, who were, to put it mildly, handpicked if not totally illegally selected. Republicans in the South in 1952 were such a minority party that patronage was the only way one got things done, and Senator Taft held the patronage. Louisiana's Taft delegation numbered 13, Georgia's 17, and the Texas group 38, a total of 68 delegates—or more than enough to swing the tide to Eisenhower if these delegations could be unseated at the beginning of the convention.

I remember as though it were yesterday Cabot Lodge's insistence, in a closed meeting, that our side go after the big Texas delegation first and that a floor fight replace it with legitimate alternates pledged to Eisenhower. Taft immediately sought a compromise and offered to split the Texas delegation with Eisenhower as "the fair thing to do," something Ike was more than willing to accept. But Cabot Lodge would have no part of this. He said it was a moral principle, that the Taft delegations were fixed, and that the Eisenhower delegations had just as much right as the Taft delegates to be seated and vote on the party's Presidential nominee.

A rip-roaring fight went on for the better part of a day and a night behind the Lincoln portrait on the podium end of the gigantic Chicago amphitheater and then moved on to the floor of the convention, where the rest of the delegates were asked to vote on whether to accept or reject the Taft delegate compromise. The vote, surprisingly, was 658 to 548 in favor of rejecting the questionable delegations, and Ike's alternates were promptly seated instead. For all intents and purposes, the nomination was secure at that moment. I have always thought that Ike owed more to Cabot Lodge than anyone ever knew, for if it had not been for the insistence of the grandson of Wilson's mortal enemy, Taft might well have won the nomination on the first ballot before the Eisenhower forces could complete their emotional if belated charge. But then the real heroes are rarely known in battle.

Lacking but a handful of votes to ensure nomination, Eisenhower people led by Lodge, Herbert Brownell, Mrs. Reid, Gen. Lucius Clay, Robinson, Roberts, Gov. Sherman Adams of New Hampshire (he was floor manager of the Eisenhower team), and dozens of other stalwarts worked without sleep or rest during the first two days of throat clearing. At the end of the first ballot, Eisenhower was only 9 votes short of the 604 needed for nomination. The tally was Eisenhower 595, Taft 500, with scattered delegates for Earl Warren and Stassen.

A second balloting began at once, and the chairman of the Minnesota delegation, Sen. Edward Thye, leaped to his feet and asked for recognition from the chairman of the convention, canny old Joe Martin from Massachusetts, who knew a winner when he smelled one. Martin immediately recognized the gentleman from Minnesota. Though I had heard great noises many times in my life, I think I was never so engulfed in sound as when Senator Thye (with Stassen objecting strenuously at his elbow) shouted through the delegate's floor microphone: "Mr. Chairman, the great State of Minnesota wishes to change its favorite son vote and cast 28 ballots for the next President of the United States. . . ." It was so obvious that no one ever heard the last three words. Eisenhower *was* President of the United States from that moment. □

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Americans in Russia

An American Family in Moscow
by Leona and Jerrold Schecter
Little, Brown, 410 pp., $10.95

The Russians
by Hedrick Smith
Quadrangle, 527 pp., $12.50

Russia: The People and the Power
by Robert G. Kaiser
Atheneum, 499 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Adam B. Ulam

These are excellent journalistic accounts of their stays and experiences in Russia by the former correspondents of *Time*, *The New York Times*, and the *Washington Post*, respectively. Though their contents overlap, each of the three books has a unique flavor, and all three are recommended to anyone who wants a lively, informative account of what Russian life is like and what makes it so.

It has hardly been a secret that the allegedly classless society has in fact a very elaborate system of social stratification. In his book *The Russians,* Hedrick Smith brings more evidence on this count and presents the facts more vividly than I have seen done anywhere else. He has an unerring reporter's eye and ear for small but significant nuances of social and political behavior. Smith digs out and makes the most of the skimpiest news item he can get his hands on. Thus it is instructive to know that the Soviet censor's list of prohibited news contains, besides what one would expect to find there, "the consequences of earthquakes, tidal waves, and floods—as well as the duration of training camps for athletes, their rates of pay, the money prizes paid for good performances," and so forth (how our university coaches and athletic directors must envy their Soviet counterparts).

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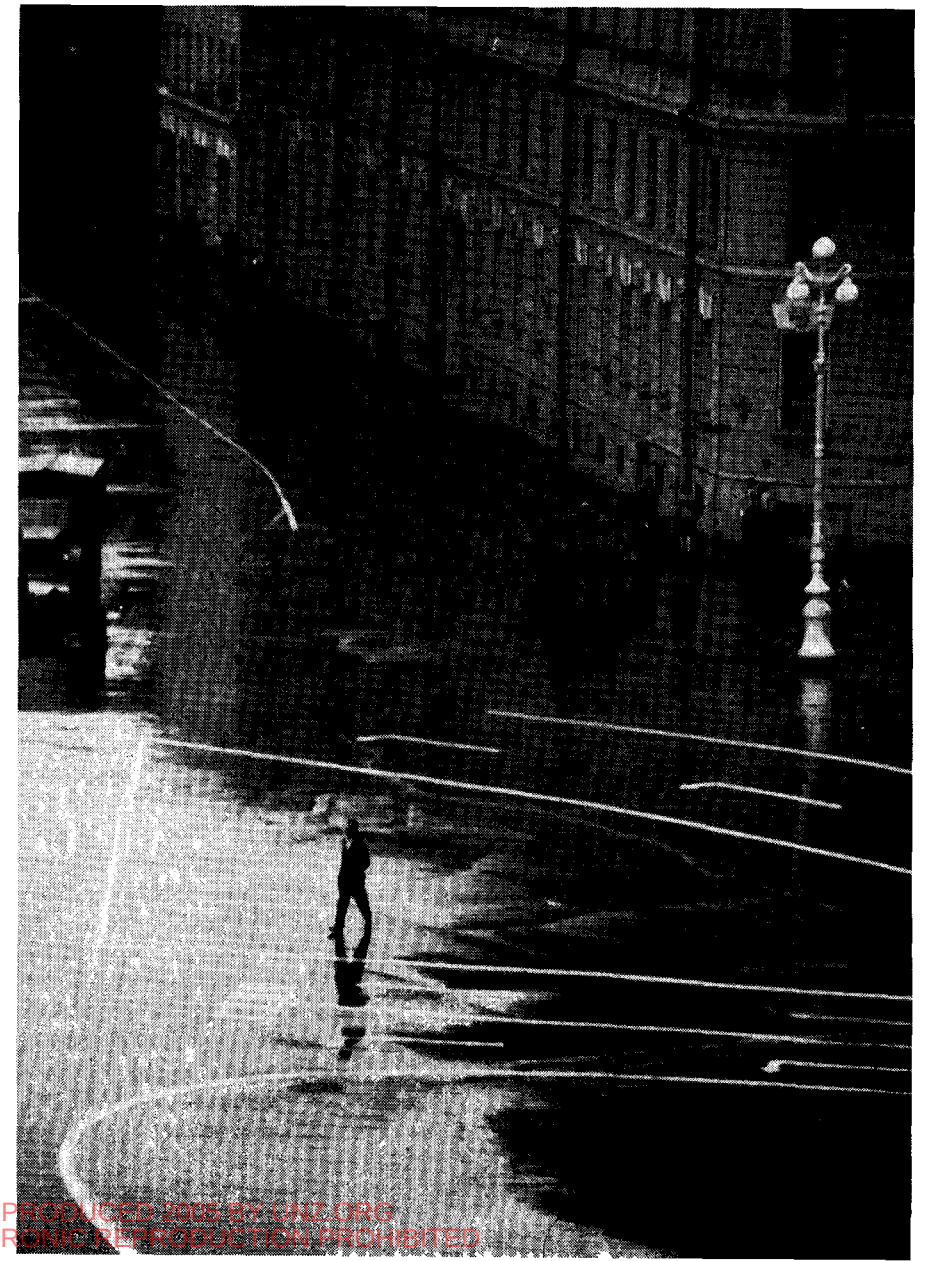
Robert G. Kaiser, while equally perceptive, is primarily interested in what might be called a critical comparison of two societies, ours and theirs. There is nothing like a prolonged stay in a Socialist country to make an American appreciate, indeed at times exaggerate, the blessings of what in some circles is still referred to as "free enterprise." Thus one of the signal advantages of our system is, according to Mr. Kaiser, "the opportunity to let other people take care of you—laundries, restaurants, maids." Come, Mr. Kaiser, when did you last see a real live-in maid in the United States? I suspect that in this respect a prominent Central Committee member enjoys undeniable advantages over a Harvard professor, or even a minor millionaire, though his maid and chauffeur are bound to do some discreet moonlighting for the secret police. And Mr. Kaiser's other point of advantage for our society over theirs, "the possibility of acquiring wealth to pass on to one's heirs," is also being curtailed in the West. Indeed, according to some of his colleagues on the *Washington Post*, we have not gone far enough in this respect.

Leningrad street scene—"Life as a whole will remain bleak."
N.C.



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The Schecters' book presents a particularly comprehensive and revealing picture of life in Moscow because it recounts the experiences not only of the parents but also—and in their own words—of the Schecter children in Russian schools, ranging from kindergarten to high school.

WHAT EMERGES from these three studies, each in its way excellent and conscientious, recalls Pushkin's words on reading Gogol's *Dead Souls*: "How sad is our Russia." It is a paradox, but an understandable one, that a reporter writing of today's U.S.S.R. is more critical than were his predecessors writing when Stalin or Khrushchev was in power (and I am not speaking of those who were Communists or fellow travelers). Life is incomparably freer now than it was in the Thirties and Forties. Materially, the Soviet citizen is certainly better off than he was before 1964, and yet the average foreign observer is more likely to come away with a negative impression of the "fatherland of socialism."

Why should this be so? In the first place, familiarity brings disillusionment. There was awe and fear surrounding all aspects of life under Stalin; so any Westerner was thrilled to discover a single newsworthy item. Twelve years ago it was still considered a tremendous journalistic coup to discover, let alone interview, a single dissenter. Now our correspondents have grown somewhat blasé about the breed. And, quite understandably, they feel frustrated. News—as they have become accustomed to understanding the term in the West—consists of constant streams of revealing and often scandalous goings-on in high circles, spectacular crimes, and social disturbances. But precious little of that is allowed to trickle through the barrier of censorship. And so our correspondents feel that despite détente they are in fact prevented from practicing their profession as they have learned it.

Equally paradoxically, as the Soviet regime has become less oppressive and its rulers less threatening toward the West, public opinion in this country has grown more critical of the Soviet Union. Perhaps since détente the Soviets are no longer the main beneficiaries of that masochistic American impulse which makes many feel that enemies of our sinful society cannot be entirely bad. Even the New Left has found greener Socialist pastures to contemplate and admire, such as Mao's China (even though the bloom is off that romance, too, since Nixon, of all people, initiated friendlier relations with the People's Republic). The Soviet Union is, somewhat prematurely, no longer considered a threat. But it remains a nuisance complicating our own lives, from the higher price of bread to the necessity of worrying about Portugal and Angola. Books like Solzhenitsyn's ruthless dissection of the Soviet system have penetrated the average American's consciousness and have made him aware how trivial his own troubles and tribulations are in comparison with what a Soviet citizen has experienced.

But the fundamental reason why we have become more critical of the Soviet Union is the change within Soviet society itself, and it is the great merit of these three books that they illuminate this change. "Life," said Stalin in 1934, in one of the most brazen statements in all history, "has become better, life has become gayer." Well, for the Soviet man and woman life has in the past 20 years certainly become better, but hardly gayer. And even in the terrible past one could find some scant consolation in the thought that all the suffering one went through was necessary for the modernization of Russia—and then for defeating the invader—and was a prepayment on a better and more fulfilling life. But now, after more than 20 years of nonterror and solid material improvement, the Soviet citizen (except for a member of the elite) has begun to suspect that things may indeed go on improving but that life as a whole will remain bleak. He no longer lives in fear, but feels acutely—even if he does not articulate it to a foreigner—his lack of freedom. There will be more consumer goods, but red tape and the ruling bureaucracy's frantic fear of allowing any meaningful decentralization and private initiative will continue to make them shoddy. Prominent dissenters will be shipped out of the country; those less well known in the West, locked up.

AGAIN it would be unwise not to make some qualifications. Our authors, I think, tend to underestimate the strength of Russian nationalism, and the fact that to many of them, enemies of the regime included, the Soviet Union's power and status in the world offers at least partial psychological compensation for their privations and frustrations. Russia, for all the efforts of the regime, has not es-

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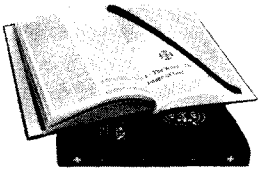

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caped some of the blights of industrialized and urbanized society: as against our problem with drugs, Russians seem helpless in trying to curb the spread of alcoholism, crime, and juvenile hooliganism that afflicts Soviet society to a considerable extent. Still, I consider it a plus rather than a minus for the Soviet system that it attempts to preserve the principle of authority among the young, that it combats pornography, and that, unlike us in the West, it has not confused permissiveness with freedom and tolerance.

It is not outward oppression which has been responsible for that attractive side of their lives. There is another characteristic, one sadly on the decline in the West: the extraordinary emphasis on personal relations. As Mr. Kaiser writes wisely: "[Russians] invest psychic energies in private worlds which we in the West often apply to careers and hobbies, . . . place enormous value on personal relationships and family connections." This, then, should serve as a qualification of Mr. Schecter's otherwise apt observation: "The Soviet Union, unlike Japan and America, does not change. It is a stagnant society. . . ." The latter is certainly true insofar as the world of the Central Committee, the press, and the economic planners is concerned. But insofar as even the most perceptive foreigner is concerned, what he senses about the average Russian's inner life is but the tip of the iceberg. Who would have thought that Stalin's camps and Khrushchev's imperfect thaw would produce a Solzhenitsyn?

Mr. Smith closes his intriguing account with this conclusion, spoken by his wife: "It was the same under the czars. They are the same people." Yet even under the czars the Russians were quite different at different periods. Compare the deadly stillness of social life under Nicholas I with the ferment and energy of the 1860s and 1870s, the acquiescence in the autocracy in the last two decades of the 19th century with the revolutionary ebullience of 1905 and 1917. So we must not conclude that the Russians have always been "that way." They surprised us in the past and may do so in the future. And whether or not it will be a pleasant surprise will not be entirely up to them. To a large extent it will depend on whether the West can preserve and enhance the viability and strength, and hence the attractiveness, of its own institutions and ideals. □

Reign of the Esthetes

Children of the Sun: A Narrative of "Decadence" in England After 1918
by Martin Green
Basic Books, 469 pp., $15

Evelyn Waugh: A Biography
by Christopher Sykes
Little, Brown, 462 pp., $12.50

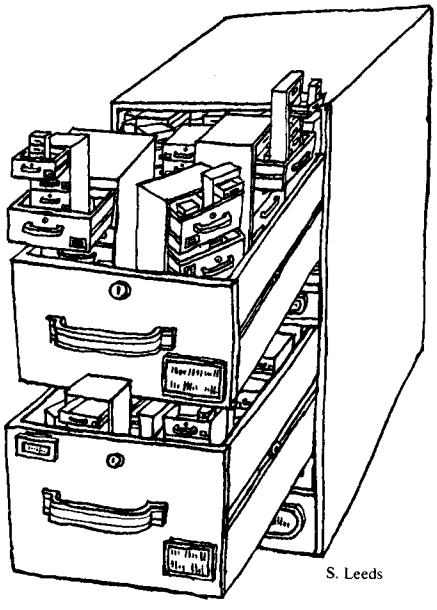
Reviewed by Catharine R. Hughes

Although they made a fetish of style, "worshipped Adonis or Narcissus," loved splendor and ornament, and celebrated their own male beauty and high manners, there is something curiously sad about England's "Children of the Sun," her dandies. Sometimes they were men of great talent—Evelyn Waugh is one case in point—glorying in their membership in the cult of the Bright Young People. But more often they were merely minor stars in what they viewed as a pantheon transforming English life and letters. Men of acute sensibility, born between 1900 and 1910, they had a sense of England different from that of their fathers. Rebelling against the humanism of Victorian and Edwardian culture, they were content to leave to the Americans what Martin Green calls "the major masculine roles and the heartier moral tones about cultural and political matters." Waugh aside, only a handful actually became what many of them took for granted they already were.

In 1918, Harold Acton and Brian Howard, "our two main dandies," were 14 and 13 respectively. A remarkably precocious 14 and 13, however—already "miniature Diaghilevs" and connoisseurs of all the arts in their years at Eton. By the time they reached Oxford, Acton was clearly the leader, Howard the dilettante, "rivals and only uneasy allies . . . always somewhat jealous of each other." Already, Acton was demonstrating "a prudence and humility . . . beneath the dandy's panache, where in Brian there was a desperation and destructiveness." Where Acton was teasing, kind, and amusing, Howard was pretentious, malicious, malevolent, a confirmed and sometimes exhibitionistic homosexual. Acton, the dandy-esthete, turned scholarly historian, though continuing to consider himself "quite a rare person." Howard's behavior became increasingly "wild and more destructive." As the years passed, not even his acknowledged panache could compensate for his cruelty. Auden called him "the most desperately unhappy person I have ever known."

About Acton and Howard flowed the other Children of the Sun, many of them only peripherally a part of the "decadence" and post–World War I revolt that provide the focus of Martin Green's book: Cecil Beaton, the Sitwells, Nancy Mitford, Cyril Connolly, Waugh, Auden, Stephen Spender, Nabokov, John Strachey, "Kim" Philby, Guy Burgess, and Donald Maclean.

Though they set a certain stamp on



S. Leeds

the England of 1918–57, it was one fraught with contradictions, not least of which was the contradiction between their outlook and that of the culture that gave them birth. To say they gave "a new meaning to being English" is to suggest only the most basic of these contradictions.

It's difficult, really, to avoid the thought that those who were more or less pure dandies were essentially frivolous, superficial, and self-centered. When he is not being heavyhanded, Green introduces some perceptive, even entertaining, insights into their attitudes and ac-

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Catharine R. Hughes, theater critic for the weekly magazine America, *is author of* Plays, Politics, and Polemics.

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complishments. He is, perhaps, even more incisive in revealing why, with rare exceptions, it was only those who made the transition, if not to an anti-dandy outlook, at least to an accommodation, who were the ones to achieve major distinction. Of those who failed to do so, he accurately observes "how little the dandy . . . in England had made of his opportunities."

ONE OF THOSE who did make much of them was Evelyn Waugh. Green says of him that "in his life and work . . . the dandy idea achieved its greatest moral and imaginative substance." This is, however, only partly true, for Waugh was only a marginal member of the Children of the Sun—though, like many of them, he had an imaginative temperament and, also like them, came upon the British literary scene to almost immediate acclaim and popular success.

Waugh had been at Oxford in 1922, when the brief reign of the esthetes, with Acton in the forefront, began. It was also the time of Brian Howard, whom Waugh regarded as "mad, bad, and dangerous to know." Though Waugh had, while at Oxford, been very much a part of the precious, posturing sun-child circle, he —unlike Howard and most of the others —went on to an achievement that was far from ephemeral. He and Howard shared some characteristics—maliciousness and pretentiousness among them —yet Howard had a superficiality that was in general alien to Waugh, who took his craft entirely seriously. As Christopher Sykes notes, Waugh "had a great deal of talent, and some genius."

"He was never much influenced by the common desire to be liked," Sykes adds, and Waugh said he'd be damned if he would "suck up to the lower classes." Yet, he had a "tendency towards self-hatred" which went hand in hand with his absorption in the "fashionable world of Mayfair and the hysterical fooleries of the Bright Young Things." An at times appalling human being—gratuitously cruel, arrogant, and self-centered —he could also be generous, sensitive, and supportive. He could write passages, indeed whole novels, of brilliance and excessively purple and sentimental prose, and be completely wrongheaded about Mussolini and his Italy while being completely clear about Hitler and his Germany. He was, in other words, a man of contradictions, a conundrum.

Sykes, whose earlier books include biographies of Lady Astor, Adam von Trott, and Orde Wingate, was asked by Waugh's late wife, Laura, and eldest son, Auberon, to undertake his "official" biography. He had been a close friend of the novelist for about 30 years. Both went to Oxford (Waugh came down in 1924 with no glory and a Third Class degree in history), and enjoyed—or, in Waugh's case, antagonized—many of the same lords and ladies, literary achievers and literary dilettantes of the period that followed. Unlike some of the others, Sykes was for the most part able to roll with the Waugh punches, though even he experienced his periods of disenchantment and relative alienation. As Waugh himself once said, "You have no idea how much nastier I would be if I was not a Catholic." (He was converted to the Roman Catholic church in 1930, not long after his initial success with *Decline and Fall.*)

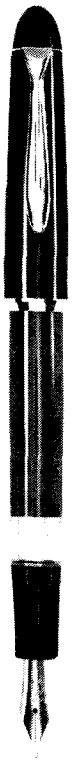
Waugh was, Sykes contends with what seems ample justification, both "lovable [and] insufferable," and his description of him as a man of great talent and some genius to a considerable degree suggests the approach he has taken. Although an official biographer, he is not a blinkered one. His Waugh is a man often difficult to like, but in the end difficult not to sympathize with.

"Genius"? Yes, he indeed had some genius, though in a pattern so often and tragically repeated. The early novels and some of the middle ones—*Decline and Fall* (1928), *Vile Bodies* (1930), *A Handful of Dust* (1934), *The Loved One* (1948)—and parts of the War Trilogy, which includes *Men at Arms*, *Officers and Gentlemen*, and *Unconditional Surrender*, were clearly far superior to *Helena* (1950) and *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* (1957), an only marginally fictionalized account of Waugh's brief descent into madness.

Waugh, in a sense, had two careers, one as a fringe member of the Children of the Sun, a Bright Young Man—facile, amusing, satiric, scathing—the other as what might be termed an "official" Catholic writer. Into the latter category fall his short but excellent biography of Edmund Campion, his biography of Monsignor Ronald Knox, a close friend whose conscientious literary executor he became, and, of course, the 1945 novel *Brideshead Revisited*, probably the most controversial and "serious" of his career.

Waugh's conversion to Catholicism was clearly the turning point in his life.

(Continued on page 34.)



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PUBLISHERS' OFFERINGS

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FOLKTALES TOLD AROUND THE WORLD. Richard M. Dorson, editor. $17.50. University of Chicago Press. Over 100 authentic oral tales, most published for the first time. "Superior."—*Library Journal.*

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE ARKANSAS OZARKS. Donald Harington, 376 pp., $9.95, Little, Brown. This novel of life in the Ozarks is "the wildest spoof of the season."—*Worcester Telegram.* Illus.

HOW TO GET A JOB. By Bert Fregly, 160 pages, 8½ x 11, $8.95 (cloth) $4.95 (paper), ETC Publications, Dept. SR, Homewood, Illinois 60430. Employment experts agree, "Best guide available in the techniques of getting hired."

WEBSTER'S AMERICAN BIOGRAPHIES, edited by Charles Van Doren, 1233 pages, $15.00, Merriam-Webster. Over 3,000 biographies of people who have made contributions to the American experience—Hank Aaron to Vladimir Zworykin.

TOM PAINE AND REVOLUTIONARY AMERICA. By Eric Foner, 250 pp., $13.95, Oxford U. Press. New Insights into the man who wrote "Common Sense" and the era that shaped him.

INNER COMPANIONS. By Colman McCarthy, 272 pp., $8.95, Acropolis, 2400 17th St., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20009. In this miniature Great Books *Washington Post* columnist McCarthy reflects on the lives of over 40 inspiring thinkers.

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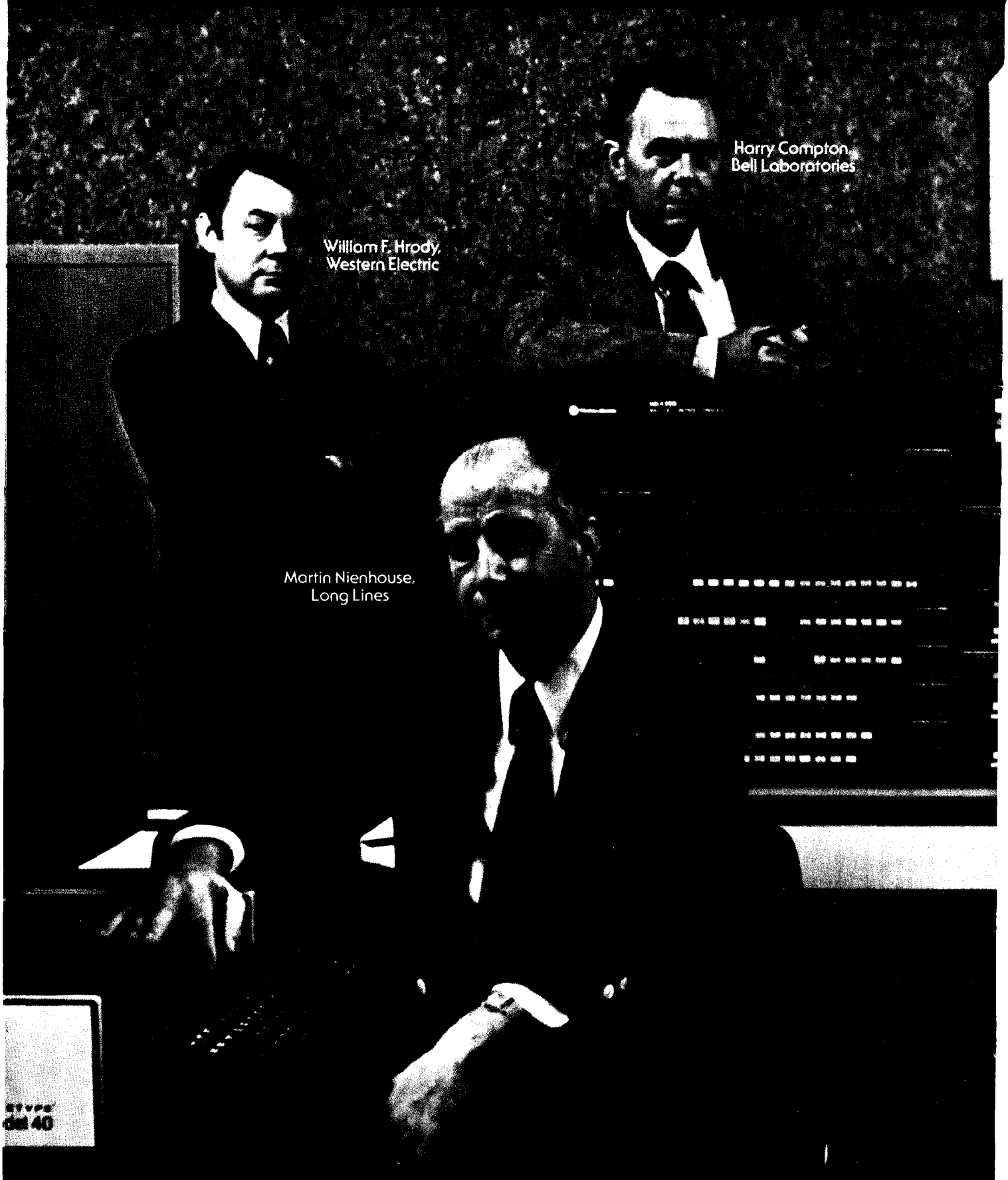
HOW WE'RE KEEPING AMERICA'S



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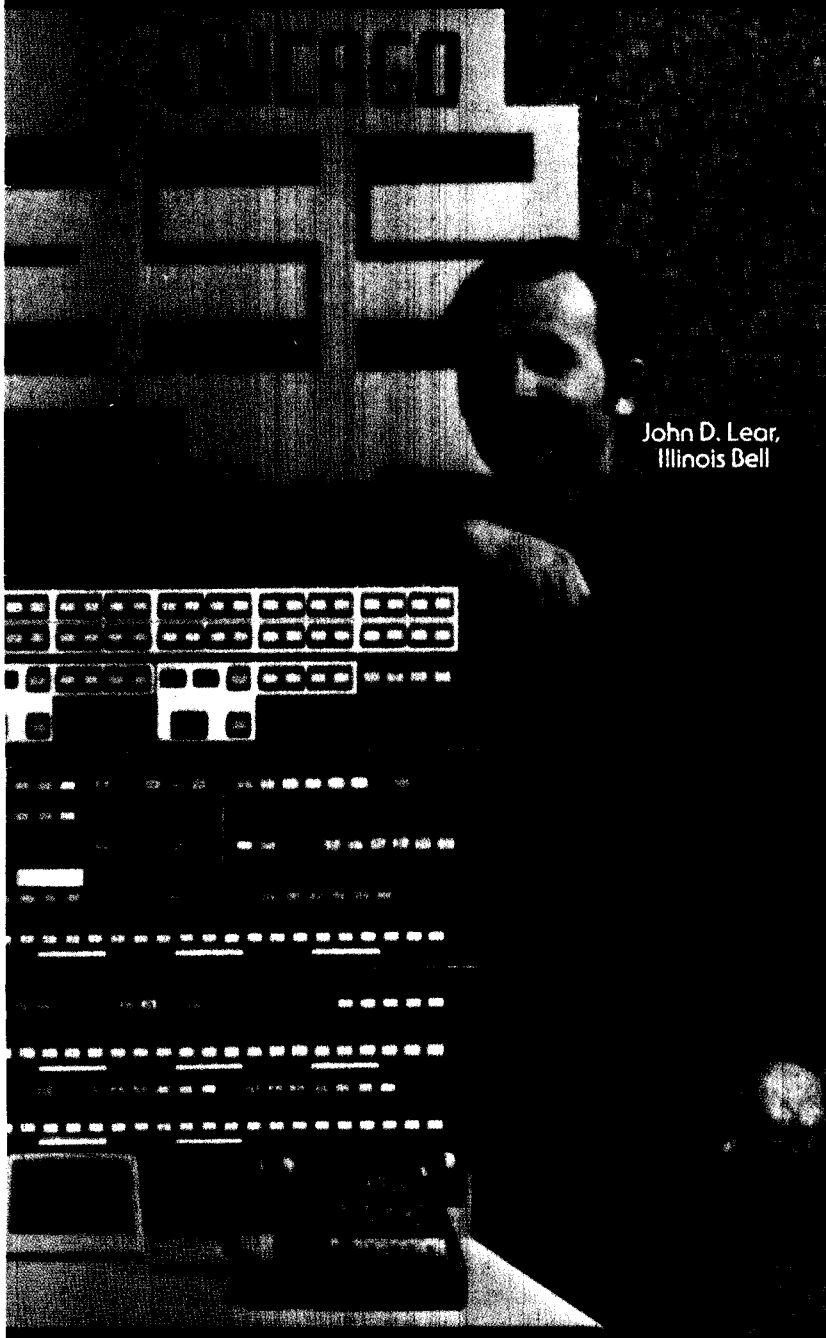

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(Continued from page 31.)
His loyalty to the Church remained absolute through the years that followed, though he never really brought himself to accept the changes wrought by the second Vatican Council. In his religion as in his politics, he was an unreconstructed conservative.

Here, as elsewhere, he was a study in contrasts: an anarchic rebel as a writer (in his best books) who scorned and satirized the Establishment; a man who took an adolescent pleasure in recounting his alcoholic excesses and engaged in calculated, almost exhibitionist public and private rudeness and incivility; but also one who came to the aid of many others (he almost singlehandedly reclaimed the historical novelist Alfred Duggan from alcoholism) and firmly defended tradition in the Church.

Most of these qualities were reflected in his fiction, of course, and Sykes proceeds on the assumption that the reader of the biography has also read virtually all of Waugh and retains a fresh and encyclopedic memory of his works. He therefore eschews plot summaries. This seems to me one of the book's most obvious miscalculations. He also from time to time stints on, or skips, major biographical data on the theory that Waugh himself has done a better job either in his 1964 account of his early years, *A Little Learning*, or elsewhere.

More than this, however, there is a curious process of selection: on one hand, an excess of detail and trivia concerning some periods and events; on the other, a reticence bordering on concealment. Sykes writes of—and off—what he calls Waugh's "extreme homosexual phase" at Oxford in 1923 in a few sentences, observing only that it was "unrestrained, emotionally and physically." Yet he engages in lengthy digressions to explore who provided the basis for which fictional character. (Admittedly, these digressions at times make for delightful gossip.) Were this a critical study rather than a biography, such questions of balance might seem of less importance.

Yet, its occasionally excessive attention to minutiae aside, Sykes's portrait of Waugh is an often entertaining one, for, as he says, he "suffers no inhibition" from the fact that he was his friend for many years and "remembers him with love."

Recounting Waugh's faults is not, however, an entirely uncalculated gesture on Sykes's part. For Waugh *was* a vulnerable man, and much of the pettiness, the arrogance, and the offensiveness doubtless served as a necessary counterbalance to that vulnerability. He suffered deeply over his lack of official recognition by either the universities or the Crown. "I would go on my knees to Mr. Atlee," he once told Sykes. "I would lick his boots if he wanted; I would lie in the mud outside Downing Street, if he promised in return to advise the King to make me a knight." Sykes concludes that, "as with other of Evelyn's extravaganzas, this was 'not altogether fool.' " It is, somehow, even more sad to find a man admitting, toward the end of his life, as Waugh did in *Gilbert Pinfold*, that "he abhorred plastics, Picasso, sunbathing, and jazz—everything in fact that had happened in his own lifetime."

Part memoir, part biography, *Evelyn Waugh* is at its best when Sykes is remembering, not simply recounting. At that best, it is as delightful as Waugh frequently was devastating. Which, perhaps, is not a bad image to leave of a man who clearly could be both. □

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New Books

Winter's Tales 21
Edited by A. D. Maclean
St. Martin's Press, 223 pp., $8.95

This collection was published in defiance of the doom currently forecast for minor—which is to say, unprofitable—fiction, particularly the story genre. In fact, the offerings here do not bolster a sagging faith in the future of short fiction so much as they encourage tendencies to anglophilia—of a literary kind at any rate. One cannot help noting the clarity and tautness of these stories by predominantly English writers, their refusal to indulge in the involuted self-exploration characteristic of contemporary American fiction writers. Above all, one notices their literacy. Of the 10 stories presented here—and they are of varying quality—none fails to provide in abundance what one asks of fiction, if not of all writing: surprise, tension, the suggestion that something of consequence has happened, is happening, or will soon

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happen. Perhaps the subtlest selection is a fairly long story by Philip Glazebrook, "The Last of Assunta," about a girl of 11 who learns for herself the dubious means by which people may defend themselves and their place in the world. Artfully sustained and revelatory to the end, it may well be the best of these tales, followed closely by Rebecca West's "Parthenope." There is in addition a brief, moving story by Celia Dale, "The Better Part of Valour," which perfectly exemplifies the fact that in the right hands the inexplicit is of the utmost clarity.

•

How to Live to Be 100: The Lifestyle of the People of the Caucasus

by Dr. Sula Benet
Dial, 224 pp., $8.95

Dr. Benet's study of the long-lived people of the Caucasus includes, besides the standard sociological data, recipes and nutritional information amounting to advice on how to attain longevity. Indeed, this otherwise interesting work is somewhat marred by tendentiousness and a willingness to turn the product of serious study into a manual—as the title only too clearly indicates. That aside, Dr. Benet's observations on the life-style and complex code of the Caucasians—a people for whom cordiality, for example, is of crucial value, and for whom guests are the equivalent of riches and social status—are sharp and engaging. Each person bears the responsibility for hospitality in his village; a guest may not pay for anything, nor bring gifts to his host, as his mere presence in a household constitutes a gift to the Caucasians. Dr. Benet concludes, on the central matter of longevity, that the unbroken rhythms of life as lived by the mountain people, the simple, nutritious diet, and the respect accorded age are essential factors in the achievement of long life. Particularly for its implications about the treatment of the aged in society, this is a study to be heeded.

•

Today and Tomorrow in America

by Martin Mayer
Harper & Row, 217 pp., $8.95

The targets of Mr. Mayer's highly entertaining wrath are public policies that are grounded in high purpose and conceived with small regard for practical realities. As he puts it, these efforts to create public policy run counter to society's tendencies because Americans have lost their sense of the difference between "issues" and realities. The creators of the Clean Air Act, for example, assumed erroneously that high purpose would somehow find its way to the necessary technological solutions to the problem of pollution. And those who would promote ethnicity through the bilingual education of children are no less misguided. Mr. Mayer points out that at the dedication ceremonies of the new College of Education building at the University of New Mexico in 1964 it was announced that the long-established bilingual primary-school program would be eliminated—a program that had succeeded in producing "children illiterate in two languages." The book is at its best on the attack—which is the case most of the time, fortunately, and particularly so in a lucid and closely reasoned assault on current philosophies of crime prevention, all of which are contemptuous of the notion of deterrence. A bracing and down-to-earth work.

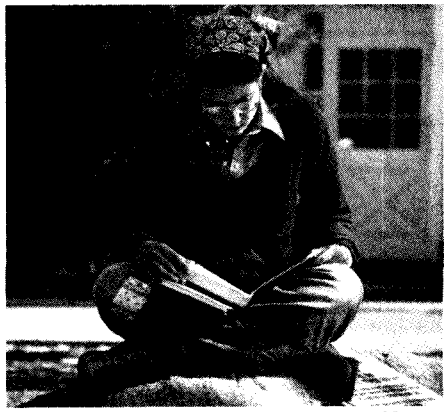
•

A Man Named Tony: The True Story of the Yablonski Murders

by Stuart Brown
Norton, 232 pp., $8.95

This study of the Yablonski murders concentrates with chilling effect on the trail that led to the indictment of United Mine Workers chief Tony Boyle. Stuart Brown, a journalist who covered the case, is somewhat cursory in his analysis, particularly in regard to Yablonski himself, a UMW loyalist for 40 years before becoming an insurgent candidate against Boyle in 1969. In effect, Yablonski took on a long-entrenched and corrupt establishment in his candidacy, and in so doing set in motion a chain of events that was to lead to the murder of himself and his family; and to upheavals in the miners' union whose reverberations were felt throughout organized labor. After Boyle was indicted, some 400 coal miners formed a breakaway union, Miners for Democracy, the avowed purpose of which was to wrest control of the UMW from the Boyle forces. The effect of the original Yablonski insurgency was, in sum, revolutionary. Despite the cursoriness of what should have been a thorough portrait, Mr. Brown's narrative is an exceedingly compelling one, not least for such things as his sketches of the hired killers, each of them haunting for what they tell of degradation.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ



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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Traditional Poet

What ever happened to ballads, poems with meter and rhyme, poems that tell stories? These are questions I am often asked, and now I can reply: buy a copy of *Collected Poems 1951–1975* by Charles Causley (David R. Godine, just published, $12.50 cloth, $5.95 paper) and you'll see. Causley is an English poet, born in 1917 in Cornwall, where he still lives and teaches. The book is a great wreath of poems about the sea, children, war, magic and spells, and princesses. He even Kipples now and then. Here's a short poem (most are very long) I've used in one of my animal poetry anthologies. He titles it "I Saw a Jolly Hunter":

I saw a jolly hunter
With a jolly gun
Walking in the country
In the jolly sun.
In the jolly meadow
Sat a jolly hare.
Saw the jolly hunter.
Took jolly care.
Hunter jolly eager—
Sight of jolly prey.
Forgot gun pointing
Wrong jolly way.
Jolly hunter jolly head
Over heels gone.
Jolly old safety catch
Not jolly on.
Bang went the jolly gun.
Hunter jolly dead.
Jolly hare got clean away.
Jolly good, I said.

Controversialist

"Really, when it comes to skunks, the Americans are I-T, it." That's our pal Richard Aldington in *A Passionate Prodigality: Letters to Alan Bird From Richard Aldington 1949–1962*, edited by Miriam J. Benkovitz, published (February 16) by the New York Public Library, distributed by Readex Books at $15. Aldington was an English novelist, biographer, poet, and anthologist, once married to H. D., and friend of D. H. Lawrence, Ford Madox Ford, and Ezra Pound. He was perpetually at war with what he regarded as the London literary establishment; in fact he was paranoid: "The idea is to crush me into obscurity and poverty." Alan Bird, a much younger Oxford scholar, got into a correspondence with Aldington, then living in France, and eventually found himself doing legwork, unpaid, for the older man's book about (and against) T. E. Lawrence. There are derogatory remarks about Winston Churchill, Norman Douglas, T. S. Eliot, the Russians, and us. And there are nice things said about Wyndham Lewis, Robert Louis Stevenson, Dickens, Belloc, Byron, and Frédéric Mistral. He can be quite funny, remembering a visit to the Sitwells' castle near Florence: ". . . the comic butler presenting a large dish of spaghetti to the first woman guest remarked in sepulchral tones: 'The best is at the bottom, Moddom.' "

Bad Boy

Ah, we all like a man with nerve. Chutzpah. Cool. Take Garrett Trapnell, the subject of Eliot Asinof's *The Fox Is Crazy Too* (Morrow, February 11, $8.95). This handsome, charming psychopath packed a lot into 33 years: stole more than $2 million; had six wives; used nine pseudonyms; was in a dozen mental hospitals; was arrested, arrested, and rearrested. He ended up skyjacking a 707 en route from Los Angeles to New York, and announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your new captain. The stewardesses in the coach section are now authorized to make all drinks free, courtesy of the new management." That trip ended badly for him, and he's now serving a life term in Leavenworth. In his career he has bounced checks all over the country, heisted jewels in the Bahamas, and preferred Montreal for cool one-man bank robberies. My favorite is the episode when he disguised himself as a highway patrolman, wearing a toy sheriff's badge and toting a toy gun. He printed his own traffic tickets, and for three months went out every night on a stretch of Route 66, the main highway through New Mexico, "arresting" speeders and settling for an on-the-spot $20 fine. Made $10,000.

Song-and-Dance Man

Who says Cagney's a tough guy? He writes *poetry*! There are examples of it in *Cagney by Cagney* (Doubleday, February 13, $8.95). James Cagney was born in a tough section of New York, and was a spunky street fighter as a kid. He spent years as a vaudeville song-and-dance man, then stumbled into the movies and almost instant stardom. He is now retired on Martha's Vineyard, never sees his old movies (many he's *never* bothered to see), regards his movie career as a job-of-work. Everyone he mentions was "a good guy," "a swell fella" (his spelling). He writes in a pleasant rat-tat-tat style, and only once does he flash his temper:

I never had the slightest difficulty with a fellow actor until the making of *One, Two, Three*. In that picture, Horst Buchholz tried all kinds of scene-stealing didoes, and I had to depend on Billy Wilder to take some steps to correct this kid. If Billy hadn't, I was going to knock Buchholz on his ass, which at several points I would have been very happy to do. □

"Admit it. You miss Richard M. Nixon."

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artsletter

POLITICAL CLOUT. Some months ago a House subcommittee voted to shave $2.5 million off the $82 million that the National Endowment for the Arts had requested for fiscal 1976. It wasn't much of a cutback, considering the mood of retrenchment in Congress, but chairman Nancy Hanks decided to fight for the full amount. Pressure was applied on some influential senators, and in the end both houses of Congress voted the $82 million appropriation. Significantly, the Humanities Endowment received less than had been requested. Some observers see this as evidence that the arts are beginning to assume the kind of political clout once wielded by the so-called education lobby.

Further light will be shed when Congress renews the basic authorizing legislation for the Endowment, which must be accomplished before the current act expires on July 1. In voting for the Endowment's reauthorization through 1979, Congress will also set limits on its funding for those years. If this figure reaches the $200/$250-million-per-year level, as recommended by various concerned groups who have been testifying before Congress, we shall know that the arts lobby is making itself heard.

COAXING THE PHILANTHROPIC DOLLAR. After two years of research, the Commission on Private Philanthropy and Public Needs has published a long and potentially influential report. If its recommendations are translated into legislative action, America's cultural institutions could benefit enormously.

The Filer Commission(so-called because of its chairman, John H. Filer, of Aetna Life) set out to investigate the state of philanthropy in America and to determine ways in which giving by individuals, corporations, and foundations can be stimulated and strengthened. The report discloses that "at least $25 billion annually is given to various causes and organizations, and an equal amount worth of volunteer work is devoted to philanthropic activity." In no other country does private philanthropy flourish on such a scale. Nevertheless, in most sectors (though not, be it noted, in the arts) Americans are giving relatively less today than in former years. It is estimated that gifts by individuals have dropped by about 15 percent since 1960.

To reverse this decline, the Filer Commission has proposed some sweeping tax reforms. First, it recommends that all taxpayers who take the standard deduction should also be permitted to deduct charitable contributions as an additional, itemized deduction. This would provide the approximately 60 million taxpayers who do not itemize their deductions with an added inducement for giving. Second, the commission recommends that families with incomes below $15,000 a year be allowed to deduct twice the amount of their giving (a $100 gift to equal a $200 deduction), and that those with incomes between $15,000 and $30,000 be allowed to deduct 150 percent of what they contribute (a $100 gift to equal a $150 deduction). This not only would stimulate further giving but also would help redress the balance in tax savings between taxpayers in different brackets (at present the high-income taxpayer derives appreciably greater tax benefit from itemized gifts than does the low-income taxpayer). The commission estimates that the two proposed changes in the tax law would stimulate an additional $11.7 billion in giving.

Both recommendations would of course result in a loss of tax revenue. In effect, by forgoing tax revenue, the government would be indirectly subsidizing recipients of the deducted tax dollars. But there is much to be said for the

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argument that this kind of subsidy is preferable to direct government grants, susceptible as the latter are to bureaucratic waste and political pressures.

The commission noted that of some 1.7 million corporations filing tax returns in 1970, only 20 percent reported any charitable contributions and only 6 percent made contributions of more than $500--even though the IRS allows corporations to deduct charitable contributions of up to 5 percent of taxable income. This record of corporate giving is rightly characterized in the report as "unimpressive and inadequate," but the commission's recommendations seem just as inadequate. It suggests that "corporations set as a minimum goal, to be reached no later than 1980, the giving to charitable purposes of 2 percent of pre-tax income." Many people feel that something far stronger is needed to create incentives for corporate philanthropy.

Finally, the commission has made several recommendations for improving the philanthropic process. These include proposals for greater accountability in the charitable sector and for making tax-exempt organizations more responsive to changing viewpoints and needs. The commission would also like to see non-profit institutions enjoying the same lobbying rights as corporations and trade associations.

The Filer Commission report is now being studied by the House Ways and Means Committee. Its recommendations are certain to be considered when a new tax-reform bill is drafted. And though the proposals affect all forms of charitable giving (of which cultural institutions account for only a minor percentage), the arts will certainly be among the prime beneficiaries. Giving to the arts is already on the increase. The tax inducements recommended to Congress can only accelerate this trend.

ROLAND GELATT

NSLA News

FILM WEEKENDS. The monthly weekend film showings and discussions at the Tarrytown Conference Center led by SR movie critic Judith Crist will continue on the weekends of February 13-15 and March 12-14. For details and reservations, phone (914) 591-8300. Mrs. Crist will be in Dallas April 4-7 at the USA Film Festival, where she and other major critics and filmmakers are involved in what she believes to be one of the most important of the annual film festivals. Details from Prof. William Jones, P.O. Box 3105, Dallas, Texas 75275.

BOOK AND AUTHOR LUNCHEONS. Members who live in the New York City area will remember the Book and Author Luncheons at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, now discontinued. The NSLA is reviving them, this time at the Lotos Club, 5 East 66th Street, with an optional lunch and a modest attendance fee. Dates are Tuesday, March 9, and Tuesday, May 11, authors to be announced shortly.

NSLA FUTURES. Two experimental Society conferences are in the planning stage--one to be held in early March at Richmond College, Staten Island, N.Y., with students and faculty members from New York City community colleges and Richmond College discussing "Teaching the Arts in Colleges"; the other at Ashland College, Ashland, Ohio, in April on "Bringing the Arts to Everyone." Members are welcome, and further details will be announced soon.

THEATER WEEKENDS. The Society is cooperating with Campus/New York in a program of theater weekends involving a stay at the Essex House, orchestra seats for three plays, and backstage visits with actors, directors, and critics. For the weekend February 27-29 the plays will be A Matter of Gravity (with Katharine Hepburn), The Norman Conquests, and Pacific Overtures. For further details and reservations, call toll-free (800) 228-9290.

National Society of Literature and the Arts, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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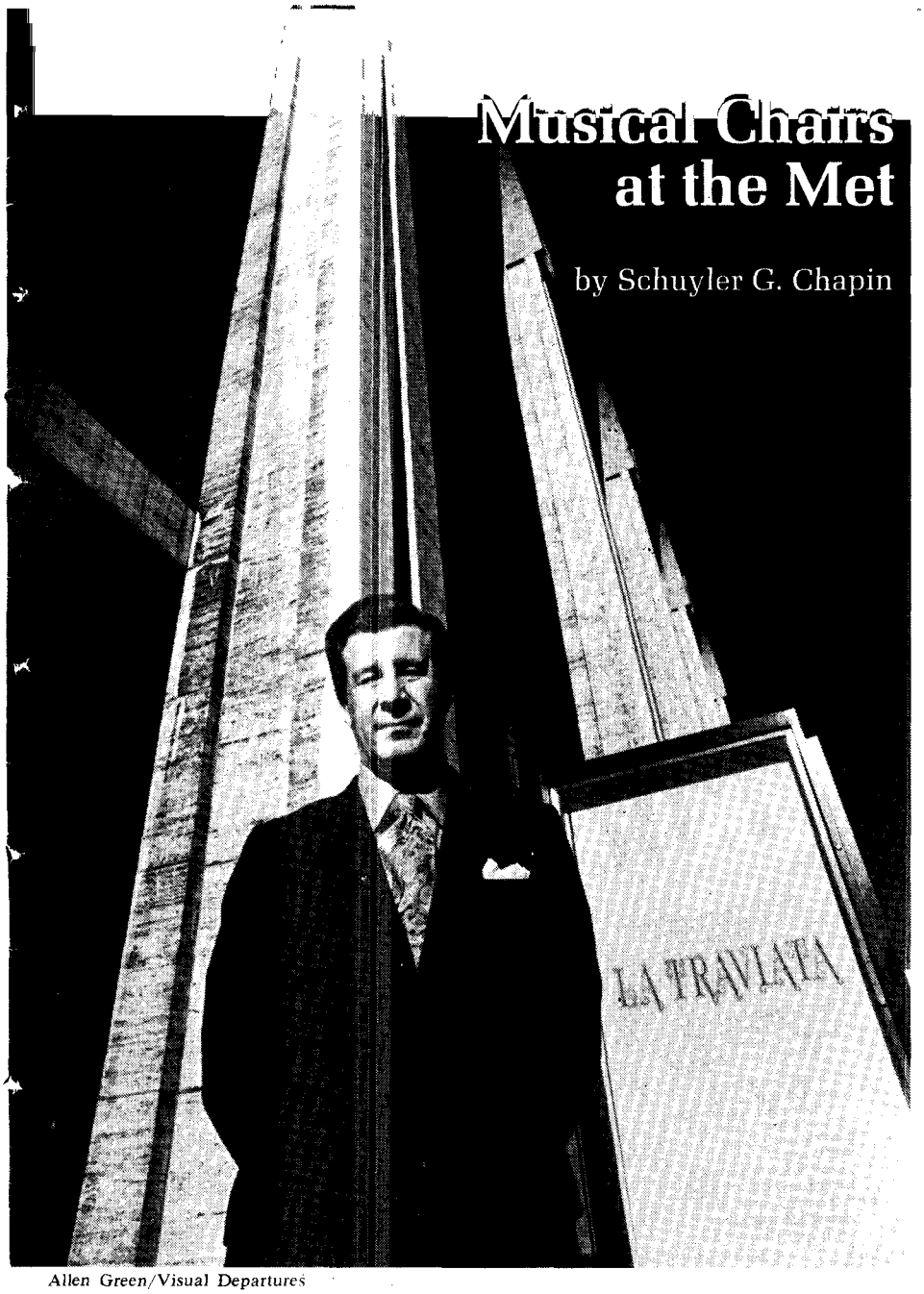
Musical Chairs at the Met

by Schuyler G. Chapin



Allen Green/Visual Departures

The last general manager of the Metropolitan Opera tells his side of what happened during the years he was in charge.

July 18, 1972. A summer evening in New York and a very beautiful one. A week earlier, my boss, Goeran Gentele, the new general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, had left with his family for a holiday in Sardinia. As the company's new assistant general manager, I was in charge while he was away. At about 6:15, I crossed the street from Lincoln Center to get a bite to eat. I had barely settled into the restaurant when I was called to the phone. Picking up the receiver, I had a dreadful premonition that something was very wrong. In a few guarded and choked words, Florence Guarino, a member of the Met staff, told me: "Something has happened to Mr. Gentele." She had no need to tell me it was urgent I return. I found a group gathered outside my office. It was there I learned that Goeran Gentele, barely into his duties as the head of America's leading opera company, had been killed in an automobile accident in Sardinia.

Friends, artists, members of the company, had to be told, and fast. The news would be on the air almost immediately Most particularly I needed to reach George Moore, then president of the Metropolitan Opera Association, who was en route from his home in Spain for the regular July meeting of the board. Quick cooperation from Olympic Airlines enabled me to catch him as he was about to drive into the city from JFK Airport. When I broke the news to him on the phone, he let out a groan—I thought instantly of a maimed wild animal—and within the few words, the few seconds, his and the board's plan for the Met's future were smashed.

The day after the crushing blow of Gentele's death, I was appointed acting general manager, with the mission of assuring a 1972–73 season and running the company. Moore was, on this particular occasion, fabulous: he grasped the importance of leadership and moved fast to put it in place. I especially recall a meeting at his office a few days later. Bill Hadley, then our director of finance, had been in the meeting, but, after a few minutes, Moore asked him to leave us alone. He then proceeded to give me an extremely interesting history lesson on his bank. When he came to it, he explained, one man's shadow dominated the business. Now, at his own retirement, Moore said, it was a public institution capable of being run without regard to who was in charge. The needs of the Metropolitan were somewhat the same, he indicated. There was something in diversified authority, I agreed, even though the Met was not a bank. I thought then that we could work together, and I was determined to give it a try.

Three years later, almost to the day, I left the Metropolitan Opera—my post, that of general manager, having been declared obsolete. Perhaps the story of my experiences there may reveal something of the inner workings of America's leading opera house and of its responsibilities to the public it serves.

WHEN I CAME TO THE MET as Goeran Gentele's administrative assistant, it was with some very strong misgivings—not about the company itself, but about the board of directors. I had tangled with that board a few years earlier, when—as

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Schuyler G. Chapin served as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera from 1972 to 1975. Previously he was head of classical artists and repertoire at Columbia Records and vice-president in charge of programming at Lincoln Center.

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vice-president in charge of programming at Lincoln Center—I had brought opera companies from Hamburg and Rome for summer seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House. Lincoln Center's then president, William Schuman, and I had fought for those visits like tigers. We felt that distinguished opera companies from abroad should be heard by the New York public, and we looked upon those visits as usefully supplementing the Metropolitan's own seasons. The Met's reaction was tempestuous. It was as if we had suggested that Avis set up shop in a Hertz garage. These were not very happy memories.

E. Fred Sher

Chapin's predecessors at the Met, Rudolf Bing and Goeran Gentele, in 1970.

When the Metropolitan Opera's search committee began looking for a new general manager to take over when Bing retired, I must have been one of the first people to bring Gentele to its attention (on the basis of a good opinion formed when I negotiated with him for an appearance in New York of the Stockholm Royal Opera, of which he was director). As soon as he got the job, he asked me to join his staff. I declined, remembering my earlier collisions with the Met's board. But Gentele was adamant: "No" was not the answer he was looking for. Indeed, he had made acceptance conditional on the appointment of Rafael Kubelik as his music director and me as assistant general manager. I capitulated.

The idea of decentralizing the general manager's job in a troika was very much a part of the whole scheme. Gentele's domain would be the stage; Kubelik would be in charge of all things musical; I was to handle administrative matters. Basic decisions would be made among the three of us, though obviously the last word would be the general manager's.

No one knows how this *modus operandi* would have worked out under Gentele's guiding hand. He was killed before his first season had even begun. And that season was upon us almost before the fact of his shocking death had been absorbed. As happens in opera, misfortunes came in clusters. Indispositions, changes of plan, cancellations, were day-and-night happenings. In addition, the scope of the Met's financial plight became increasingly horrifying. With the dollar slipping and European theaters having a direct edge relative to our fees, pressures from artists and their agents pyramided as we tried to plan the next two or three seasons. Everybody wanted decisions. Moore, as he raced in and out of the country, told me to balance the budget or out I'd go. Kubelik made frequent trips to New York from his home bases (Switzerland and Munich), working with us on his end of the structure. To him, Moore made promises of managerial changes. A search committee was appointed to find a permanent general manager.

Meanwhile, the executive committee —the key group in the conduct of the Metropolitan—seemed to have more meetings cancelled than were held. From a chance remark now and then, I was aware that some members were not overly happy with the way things were going. They appeared to be looking for a miracle man who would pull them out from under situations they had themselves created.

I had no illusions about the strength of my position with this board. I nevertheless decided to fight to keep my job, and to work hard at making the season the kind of success that would make action rather than politicking the effective tactic. I tried, first in conversation with Moore and then with his successor, William Rockefeller, to win them over to my view that the Met was in a unique position in the United States. Forty-two years of broadcasting and nearly double that number of annual tours had given the company a truly national base. The National Council Auditions scoured the 50 states for talent. It seemed to me that the general manager's function should undergo a radical change. With Kubelik and a major stage talent collaborating on the artistic side, I would be free to spend 50 to 75 percent of my time on the road (much like a college president) to get the Met message to our national constituency. That, I felt, was where the battle for survival could be won.

At the end of the 1972–73 season, after (presumably) searching the world, the board decided to make me general manager. It was not an appointment made with enthusiasm. Moore was quoted by the press as saying: "There wasn't anything better around the ball park." And actually this feeling was not entirely out of line. My career, after all, was not the conventional one for a Met general manager. In a very large sense the board had decided to take a chance.

The 1973–74 season was the first to be planned entirely by a post-Bing management. To lead off, we were presenting the Metropolitan premiere of Berlioz's *Les Troyens*, which was an instant critical and popular success. Not all the board members considered these factors of sufficient weight, relative to the cost per performance, for retaining *Les Troyens* in the repertory.

Meanwhile, cancellations came with unrelenting frequency. One in December had long-range repercussions. An ailing Catarina Ligendza asked to be excused from singing Isolde less than three weeks before the premiere (with a holiday intervening to thwart search for a replace-

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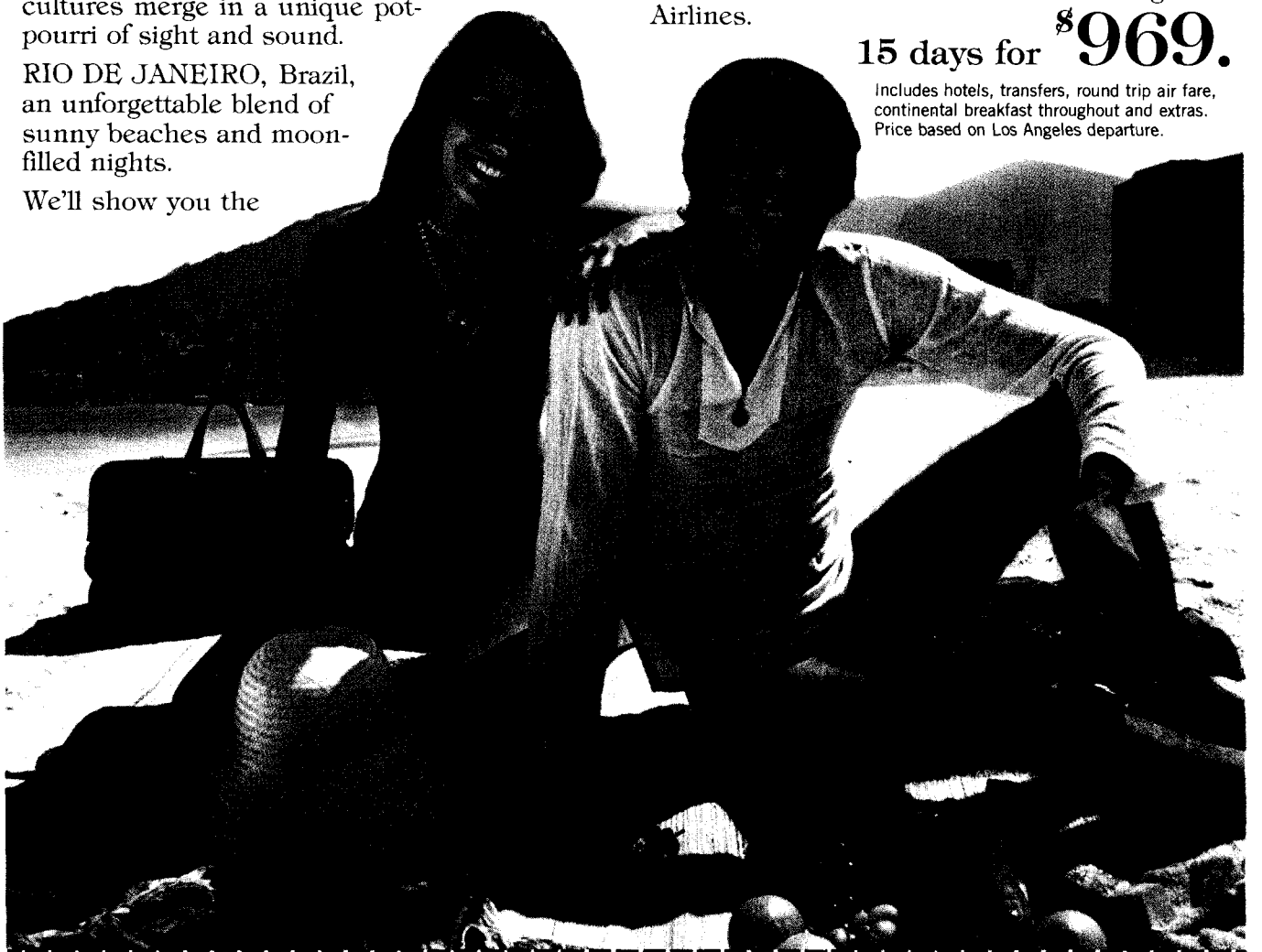

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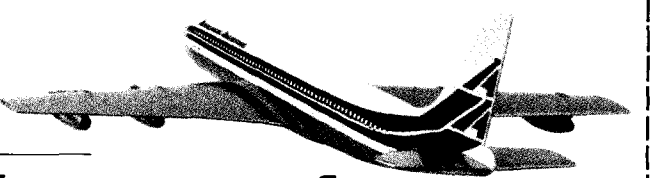

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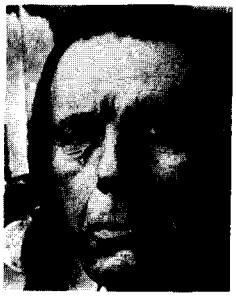

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ment). As the evening approached, I was counseled (by Kubelik, among others) to change the opera. I had faith in the ability of the American soprano Klara Barlow to take over, and I decided not to cancel. Miss Barlow had a solid success. Kubelik's resignation soon followed. Even a transatlantic telex machine cannot replace on-site discussions of vexing problems or achieve the resolution of them.

That same season brought the first Met production ever of Verdi's *I Vespri Siciliani*. It was selected to replace the Gentele production of *Un Ballo in maschera*, a Verdi work for which Gentele had a special flair, and which we did not want to venture after his death. *Vespri* brought John Dexter, who had directed it with great success in Hamburg, together with James Levine as conductor and Josef Svoboda as designer. Dexter's background with England's National Theater (and Lord Olivier) gave him just the kind of experience in repertory that the Met needed in a stage administrator. Musically, *Vespri* was well received; visually and directorially, it was hugely controversial. One thing was beyond doubt: Levine and Dexter were made for each other. I had, at last, the beginning of a major artistic team.

THERE WERE some extraordinary highlights in the day-to-day performances, on which I will not dwell. Some problems were beginning to sort themselves out, but there was desperate need for additional first-class staff help. Criticism was common of delays in signing artists, the technical and business operations were under-staffed, the whole promotional area needed re-examination. We (I include my wife in *we*) worked hard to instill a new spirit for both the company and the public. Born a Steinway and long familiar with the ways of artists and with the cultural life of New York, Betty took readily to joining me at the theater at 6 P.M. and staying right through to the end of the performance. Artists, company members, chorus, orchestra, stage hands —all took warmly to this show of concern.

Withal, the relationship of the general manager and the board continued to worsen. It was all rather Kafkaesque. No one complained, but no one seemed to be responsive. At the end of the 1973–74 season, Moore stepped down and Rockefeller—whose relations with me in his former role of chairman of the executive committee had always been correct—succeeded him. I hoped our relationship would develop beyond that.

In the months that followed, matters began to move in directions unknown to me. Meetings of the executive committee were held without my knowledge; a plan was being discussed to change the role of the general manager and to bring in one of their own as executive director. My time went largely into production matters, especially to maturing the teamwork of Levine and Dexter. At an appropriate time I introduced them to the executive committee as my choices for continuing associates. The first reaction was skepticism. As time passed, the mood changed. For the first time, I felt that I had made some headway with the group, and I was heartened.

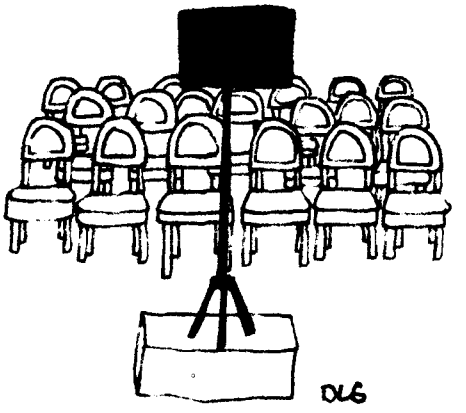
The 1974–75 season got off to a good start. I was beginning to allow myself to think that the board was coming along. It was then I received a request from Rockefeller for an appointment. He came to me early one morning and announced that the executive committee had decided to create a new post and bring in someone over the general manager. He said it was for "humanitarian reasons" that he was telling me this, that the general manager's job, as currently constituted, was too much for one man. I stated my agreement with this, and explained that it was for this reason that I had brought in Levine and Dexter as associates. This seemed to register not at all. When I asked for further information, he repeated what he had said, and left.

Within a week, on the afternoon of the regular fall meeting of the full board (November 21), Rockefeller appeared again, this time with Francis Goelet, chairman of the executive committee, and told me that Anthony Bliss would be announced that afternoon as a salaried executive director. He handed me a press release with details of the appointment.

My first reaction was: immediate resignation. My contract spelled out, in detail, duties and responsibilities. Obviously it was being breached. Goelet expressed his hope that I would not resign and that a way be found for me and Bliss to work together. At this moment the two gentlemen left, giving me a moment for reflection. Almost immediately there was a knock at the door. Bliss walked in, looking pale. He sat opposite me for a few moments, and it was obvious he was acutely uncomfortable.

I asked him if he wanted the general manager's chair, and he replied with some passion that he did not. He talked about the desperate situation of the Met, that he did not know whether it was "five minutes to midnight, or five minutes past." I looked at him in silence. I knew, of course, of Bliss's long involvement with the Met, of his 10 years as its president, an office in which his father had served in the Thirties. The silence in the room was hardly suggestive of what was churning in my mind: projects, hopes, love for the institution, belief in its future. "Okay," I said finally. "Let's see if we can make it work." Bliss looked relieved.

I SAW VERY LITTLE of him in the next weeks. He had a desk in the board room, but came to few performances. Rumors spread of his desire for a different kind of music director, a different this, a different that. None of this was discussed or communicated to me. He went his own



way. On the stage, in the auditorium, the atmosphere was alive. *Death in Venice* had been acclaimed before Bliss's appointment. *Jenufa* and *Boris* in turn generated enthusiasm. The greater the success, the more silent the board. I had finally got the message.

The message was elaborated further soon after. I was called by Rockefeller to come to his office. On arrival he handed me the draft of a press release announcing the creation of the Metropolitan Opera Foundation, to take overall charge of fund-raising. I was named as president. When I asked about the company, I was told it would be run by a committee, headed by Bliss. I was also informed that the board had been too long away from active responsibility in running the Met's affairs and was now reasserting itself. I told him this was wrong, that a group could not run an opera house. There was no reply.

During the next days a great deal of

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pressure was put upon me to accept the fund-raising position. I was repeatedly told that this was where my talents lay (I had raised more than $2 million during my three-year term). One director referred to me as "a people person." He made it sound like a disease.

What was happening on stage? Nilsson as Sieglinde for the first time in nearly 20 years (when Leonie Rysanek had to cancel). Magda Oliviero as Tosca in her Met debut. Galina Vishnevskaya as another Tosca. A glorious end to a *Ring* cycle with a broadcast *Götterdämmerung*, and Nilsson as Brünnhilde taking endless curtain calls. The debut of Sills.

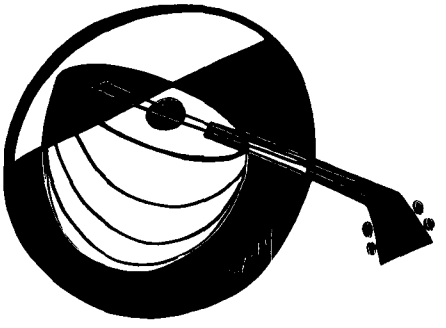
On April 23, 1975, we left for our annual tour. On May 25 the company boarded its chartered 747 for a long trip to Japan, wholly underwritten by Japanese sponsors. Our visit to that country was a profound and happy success. The Japanese took to the "Meto" and the "Meto" took to Japan. The William Rockefellers came along with us for the first week. He had a chance to see operations on a day-to-day basis. We had a long walk that Sunday in Tokyo's Imperial Gardens, and he indicated some second thoughts about the board's decision, having seen the need for day-to-day, even minute-to-minute, supervision. The thought must have left him on the way home to New York. It was soon after evident that either I would take the fund-raising job or there was no place for me after my option expired on July 31. I declined the honor.

JULY 1, 1975—like that other July day three years before—was a beautiful summer day in New York. It was also a beautiful night in Central Park for the opening of our summer series: *Madame Butterfly* with Renata Scotto. As darkness began to gather, so did 75,000 people in Sheep Meadow. Following our return from Japan, we had played a week at Wolf Trap, near Washington D.C. When the board's decision concerning my future became final, I sent each member of the company a letter of thanks for the way they had worked with me for three years. I had not seen them since.

I was hardly prepared for the reception with which my wife and I were treated backstage. Singers, choristers, orchestral players, and stagehands came by, singly and in pairs, to say goodbye and to wish us well. My wife was especially sought out. It was 8:25, and time for Osie Hawkins, the Met's veteran executive stage manager, to make his appearance for the usual announcements about subsequent performances, and to introduce me. I walked rapidly to the microphone, totally unprepared for the greeting I received from the audience: applause, cheers, bravos. I became aware as I reached the front of the stage that the same sound was surging up from behind me, where the entire company had gathered.

I stood at the microphone in tears, hearing voices chanting, "Don't go! Don't go!" Suddenly one voice shouted: "Bring back Tebaldi!" That did it. I was home free. Reality had asserted itself with that cry from an opera nut, without whom none of us could exist. If he could only have known, I thought, of the efforts we had made to persuade that great star to return.

I said a few words of thanks, which, through the loudspeakers, echoed from Central Park West with a curious, detached, almost ghostlike quality. I have



no idea what I said. I shook the hand of the concertmaster, bowed, and walked off—rapidly. The Chapins paused for a moment to listen as the performance got under way: then, all of us—mother, father, and two of our grown sons—at the breaking point, sought out the nearest bar.

THREE YEARS had come to an end. Three grand and glorious years which, despite all problems, had amply shown there was a lot of life in the old place yet. What, then, had gone wrong?

Essentially, there had been a complete falling-out between the board of directors and me on how to go about solving the Met's very real problems. Those problems did not appear overnight. Throughout the Sixties, and especially after the opening of the new opera house, nothing was done to put a secure financial base under the organization. Some very sizable amounts of money were raised on a yearly basis to cover each season's deficits but nothing in the way of capital funding. In 1968 the then director of finance drew up a chart to show what would happen by 1978 unless this problem was tackled with a vengeance. Nothing was done. His chart, like the picture of Dorian Gray, was hidden in the closet. Today, only two years away from 1978, the figures have "proved out" only too accurately. The ghastly picture is not unlike the one Oscar Wilde created—a portrait of failing health while its subject appears robust. And still nothing is being done. The leadership at the Met today is a group of essentially frightened people trying to cope with financial problems that in large measure they themselves have allowed to happen.

During my years at the Met, I quickly learned that the board's chief concern was to cut expenses and balance the budget. Well, we did certainly cut expenses. Every operation in the house was scrutinized. New systems of accounting were devised that made each department head responsible on a daily basis for his or her expenditures. And an atmosphere of concern was created throughout the company that led to savings of more than $1 million in the operations.

But what of the future? In vain I tried to impress upon the board the urgent need to cash in on our national position. The Metropolitan Opera is not just a New York institution; it is an American institution. The more my wife and I traveled about the country, the more aware of this we became. Between the approximately 2 million people who listen every Saturday, the 75,000 members of the Guild, and the 600-odd members of the National Council, we felt the strength of a family—and a well-knit one.

The Metropolitan Opera's present board apparently wants to keep that family at arm's length. Although its members give lip service to the importance of a national base, to them the Met is still a local New York institution that exists in large part to serve their own social, cultural, and philanthropic needs. They seem to look upon the National Council more as a threat to their autonomy than as a source of support.

This New York orientation ran directly counter to my own plans for building a national constituency, and it helped put us on a collision course. The situation was aggravated by the board's reaction against the very office of the general manager. In effect, the board had decided to bring its so-called col-

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lective expertise as bankers and lawyers to the administration of the company because it no longer wanted—or felt the Met needed—the professional artistic and administrative leadership of one man. In a very real sense they wanted to bury the ghosts of Gatti-Cassazza, Edward Johnson, Sir Rudolf Bing—and me.

I do not believe in what they are trying to do because I do not believe that any institution or business can be run by committee. The strength of any group comes from its leadership. That leadership does not have to be autocratic, dictatorial, and unbending. It must, on the contrary, be subtle, responsive to human factors, and visible. As general manager I was sometimes accused of being "too nice." I really don't know what that's supposed to mean. I believe in decent behavior between human beings. I've always respected other peoples' opinions but have never hesitated making hard decisions when they had to be made. I shall continue to work as I always have. And whatever I was able to do or not do at the Met will stand on its own record.

The Metropolitan Opera, now in its 91st season, must survive. From an artistic standpoint Dexter and Levine are as strong as any team in the world. They wouldn't be in their present posts without me, and I hope the board and its committees support them well. But beyond the immediate future, some long-term changes need to be made at the Met. The present board should be replaced by one drawn from all over the country in order to create a new national base. The Metropolitan Opera Guild and the National Council must be used to their fullest. They represent a national lobbying force of considerable clout if properly organized and inspired. Money must be found to get through the next two seasons until that national base can become effective. I believe the money can be found if the foundations, the government agencies, and the general public have faith that a massive reorganization plan is underway, manned by competent, dedicated men and women, chosen solely for their effectiveness.

As for me, nothing will ever take away the exciting, trying, difficult, but always fascinating time I had at the helm. Thank you, Mozart, Verdi, Wagner, Strauss, Puccini, Britten, and all your colleagues. Thank you, priceless Metropolitan Opera. I pray every night. □

The Movies

by Judith Crist

Portrait of an Obsession

The Valentine is from François Truffaut, his *The Story of Adèle H.* the heart and the flower of the occasion, a fact-based "story of a passion" that is, in form and content, one of the most romantic films of recent years.

In literally glowing terms, Truffaut turns back to a century ago to tell us of a woman driven mad by love, to give us what he terms "the autopsy of a passion" and show us the complexity of an obsession. And it is through his poetic vision that the revelation comes, a reminder, so sorely needed in this era of the super-cool in dealing with sentiment, of what heights and depths the human heart can reach in seeking its satisfactions.

The story of Adèle H. is that of Victor Hugo's younger daughter, a musician and composer and diarist, who had followed her father into exile in Jersey and, later, in Guernsey, after Napoleon III's coup d'état in 1851 forced the poet-patriot to leave France. Here Adèle encountered a Lieutenant Pinson, an Englishman who had chosen the army over debtors' prison; she fell in love and became his mistress, but before their relationship was resolved, he was sent off to Halifax, Nova Scotia, with his regiment. Adèle vowed "that a girl shall walk over the sea to join her lover—this I will accomplish."

Truffaut became interested in Adèle's story in 1969 after reading the biography of her by Frances Vernor Guille, a professor at Wooster College, Ohio. Professor Guille was a willing collaborator, but it took him a year to prepare a screenplay for the approval of Jean Hugo, Adèle's grand-nephew, and several more to complete the scenario with Jean Gruault and Suzanne Schiffman—to meet "the fascinating challenge to concentrate on a single character, obsessed by a one-way passion." The film begins with Adèle arriving in the wintry drear of Halifax in 1863, cloaked in anonymity, determined to reclaim her fiancé. But it is a one-way passion: he is out of love, indifferent, then antagonistic, cruel, and colder as her desperation grows. Deceiving herself, her family, and those who would befriend her, the girl alternates between guile and a humiliating honesty, vicariously spying on his lovemaking, sending him harlots, turning into a haggard woman beside herself with frustration, attacking, groveling, making a public spectacle and private tragedy of her life. When he is transferred to Barbados, she follows him, assuming his name and wandering the sunny streets and marketplaces, a zombie finally rescued by the kindness of strangers. The real-life Adèle, we are told, was taken back to France in 1875, and survived her immediate family, dying in 1915 at the age of 85, with only her coded journals, discovered by Professor Guille 40 years later, to record her odyssey, a story of a passion spent.

The period is richly set, the New World bustle a background for the heroine's inner turmoil. Truffaut is austere in his concentration on Adèle as she goes her rounds—from her boarding house to the bank for her letters, to the bookshop for the reams of writing paper for her diary, and to the barracks, to the sea cliffs, and through the town to trail and

Isabelle Adjani as Adèle H.—"The angularity of suffering."

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accost her lieutenant. Friendly faces and willing hands are ignored in her retreat to her room for the furious confessions to the diary, for the delusions and fantasies and nightmares of agonized loneliness. Isabelle Adjani, at 20 a star of the Comédie Française, brings a ferocity, a seething agony, to the slow corrosion of beauty, the angularity of suffering, the fading humanity as near-demonic possession takes hold. Her performance is a stunning aria, heartbreaking in its high notes and its low tones, overwhelming in its cumulative perfections. It is indeed the promised "autopsy of a passion"; more important, it offers the anatomy of a woman's heart and mind.

A LOVING VALENTINE COMES from Paul Mazursky, addressed to the mamas and papas and first-loves who help us all grow up, and titled *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*. With this sixth film—preceded by *I Love You Alice B. Toklas*, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, *Alex in Wonderland*, *Blume in Love*, and *Harry and Tonto*—Mazursky obviously reaches the most personal phase of his personal filmmaking. There is a frankly autobiographical structure to this, the first film on which he has served as producer, director, and sole writer.

A blood brother to *Enter Laughing*, this is the story of Larry Lapinsky, Brooklyn College graduate, who leaves home at 22 to seek fame and fortune. And where else but in Greenwich Village in the early Fifties, and how else but as an actor? Given a mother who "invented the Oedipus complex," a girlfriend more prone to passion than precaution, an acting class devoted to Odets, a coterie of poseurs, a job in a health-food store run by Lou Jacobi, and a chance at a bit part in a movie, our hero has a full and harried life and Mazursky has plenty of plot to play with. And play with it he does, in fine period style, touching time-bases with topicality and hitting universals in the complexity of human relationships. To call his story heartwarming is not to denigrate it; in or out of Greenwich Village the surface friendships, the seriousness of young people's problems and ambitions, and the complexity of cutting umbilical cords are the stuff of common experience. Mazursky has a keen eye for the comedy and a deft touch with the sentiment.

His major assets are Lenny Baker, whose Larry tempers his callowness with a natural and appealing humor, and Shelley Winters, who in this best of her recent performances goes beyond the Jewish-mother stereotype to reach a new and serious dimension. Her Mom, dedicated to food, furnishings, and making her son feel guilty, is also a woman of aspiration and private sensibilities; Winters provides remarkably subtle moments of revelation that reach to the core of the mother-son relationship. Ellen Greene gives both sensibility and a touch of brass to Larry's impatient girlfriend. Lois Smith, as a girl given to suicide attempts; Mike Kellin, as Larry's passive Pop; Christopher Walken, as a super-sophisticate; Jacobi, as the health-food dispenser and customers' diagnostician; and Rashel Novikoff, as every neighborhood busybody you've ever seen leaning over a tenement windowsill, are all fine. And if you remember conga lines, discussions of poetry, McCarthyism, the Rosenbergs, aspiring actors who studied with Sandy, Stella, and Lee, and when Mexico seemed the best get-away-from-it-all retreat—or if you just remember those last growing pains, and the final break with the old neighborhood, you'll find yourself sharing Mazursky's half-ironic, half-sentimental foray into nostalgia.

IF *The Maltese Falcon* is your cup of nostalgia, you can have a good time in good company with *The Black Bird*, a send-up of the 1941 John Huston classic written and directed by David Giler. The more familiar you are with the original, in fact, the more you will relish both the conception and the detail; if Bogey's Sam Spade, Mary Astor's Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Peter Lorre's Joel Cairo, Barton MacLane's Lieutenant Dundy, Sydney Greenstreet's Casper Gutman, Lee Patrick's Effie Perine, and Elisha Cook, Jr.'s Wilmer Cook are not familiar to you, let alone engraved on your movie-lovin' heart—forget it.

George Segal, who served as executive producer as well as star, is on hand as Sam Spade, Jr., the great private eye's reluctant heir, who declares, "I don't want to be a detective, not now and not in this neighborhood," as he walks through a slum to find that Gutman's been murdered in the lobby of his office building. The clientele is as run-down as the neighborhood, and his office is still presided over by Effie (Lee Patrick came out of retirement to join the fun), now a crotchety, foul-mouthed dame with small tolerance for Sam's stupid kid. Scarcely have they started their

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daily feuding when an ancient in a cape appears to offer Spade $300 for a falcon statuette his father had. And no sooner has he agreed to "look through my old man's stuff" for it than Andrew Jackson Immelman (Lionel Stander, in fine fettle) shows up in search of "a chocolate bird—a malted bird."

Before long, corpses start to pile up, among them that of Wilmer Cook (Elisha Cook, Jr., showed up for this bit, labeling Segal "a cheap shamus just like your old man" before he's done in), with four lazy Hawaiian thugs, a professional killer "working out of the phys-ed department at Berkeley," a femme fatale, and a Nazi midget named Litvak in pursuit of and being pursued by Spade. All he really wants is a quiet evening of "sulking and drinking," but no such luck. The femme, lovely Stephane Audran, is plying him with wok cooking in her très-chic apartment in the cellar of a Greek Orthodox cathedral, the midget is kidnapping him,

Immelman is rescuing him, and Effie is abusing him. And it's all amusing nonsense for aficionados. For non-devotees the subtle take-offs (Audran poking the fire, the MacLane-ish cop's tirades, the hotel detective's non-belligerence) are padding, the ridiculously complex plot *de trop*, and the running gags, involving a non-parkable car and ignitable trash baskets, insufficient compensation. And for anyone, it does drag a bit.

For a *Falcon* freak, however—and I am that—it's bright fun, with Segal irresistible in his disgust with the whole mystique and Patrick and Cook all one would want for auld lang syne. Add the joys of Stander, as a "conservative" thug who doesn't want Spade to call cops pigs; Richard B. Small, as the pacific house dick who can't resist a game show on television; Signe Hasso, as a translator who's shocked by what she translates; and John Abbott, as an emissary from the Knights of St. John. In fact, Spade's conversations with an invisible elevator operator are alone worth the price of admission. □

Television

by Karl E. Meyer

Novels for the Tube

Television is being increasingly blamed for spreading illiteracy among the young, though the evidence is far from solid. What is less commonly pointed out is that the network screen also exemplifies the very literacy it is supposed to foster. One of the glories of British television has been its success in producing not only costume classics like *War and Peace* but also difficult, chiaroscuro works such as Henry James's *Golden Bowl*. By contrast, I cannot think of a single instance of our commercial stations giving a serious American novel the screen treatment it deserves.

It is salutary news, therefore, that ABC television, long derided as the "third" network, has ambitiously committed itself to full-scale adaptation of American novels, beginning with Irwin Shaw's *Rich Man, Poor Man*, and continuing with James Michener's *Hawaii* and Alex Haley's *Roots*. In its initial announcement, ABC said it was also planning to film *USA* by John Dos Passos, news I found so astonishing I could hardly believe it. Alas, my doubts were well-founded; for unexplained reasons, the great trilogy has been dropped from the list—this radical and experimental work is apparently still too corrosive for the tube.

But we must be grateful for small favors, and I am delighted that Irwin Shaw, who is at least a solid middleweight, will be able to see his 723-page book reborn as a 12-hour, 9-part television series. The two opening installments were broadcast on February 1 and 2, and the series continues on successive Mondays from 10 to 11 P.M., with a concluding two-hour program on March 22, from 9 to 11 P.M. Eastern time. For the network, such a prime-time commitment is indeed a bold gamble.

Judging by the opening program, *Rich Man, Poor Man* is a step up from *Peyton Place* in the direction of maturity. However stereotyped its situations (e.g., nice boy loses nice girl to rich older man), the characters themselves are not cartoon figures. The setting is a featureless small town, the time is 1945, and the principal male parts are the two sons of a haunted and repellent German immigrant named Jordache. The father is brilliantly played by Ed Asner, better known in the unrecognizably different role of Lou Grant on the "Mary Tyler Moore Show." Asner and Dorothy McGuire are paired as the parents of the Cain-and-Abel brothers, Rudy and Tom Jordache, convincingly portrayed by Peter Strauss and Nick Nolte. Equally credible is Susan Blakely as Julie Prescott, the pretty poor girl whom Rudy loves and loses.

Taken as a whole, it is soap opera fortified with a redeeming social purpose. The very quirkiness of the central characters compensates for the occasional banality of the dialogue, and the theme—Mammon's potency—gives a spine to the work. Executive producer Herve Bennett; David Greene, the principal director; and Dean Reisner, author of the screenplay, all working for Universal Studios, have seemingly made the most of Shaw's opus. In doing so, they have

McGuire and Asner in Rich Man, Poor Man—"*A step up from* Peyton Place."

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also illustrated an important point. Television has one cardinal advantage over the movies—the luxury of an elastic clock. A movie can be seen only in a single sitting; a television series can stretch for weeks, permitting a far fuller development of characters—thus it is that Mr. Hudson and Mrs. Bridges, to cite only one example from *Upstairs, Downstairs*, can subliminally insinuate themselves, becoming almost part of our extended family.

BUT WHY CAN'T the omnipotent networks reach beyond Irwin Shaw? Here are my own nominations from the lost library of overlooked American novels (*SR* readers are invited to add to the list):

First, *The Octopus* by Frank Norris, a turn-of-the-century epic by the earliest American disciple of Zola, set in the San Joaquin Valley of California and dramatizing with brutal vividness the conflict between wheat farmers and the railroads.

Next, *The Princess Cassamassima* by Henry James, written in the Master's accessible middle manner and set in London, and dealing with some remarkably topical political questions—the use of violence for lofty ends and the ambiguities of radical chic, so uncannily anticipated in the portrait of the Princess herself.

And inevitably, *Look Homeward, Angel* by Thomas Wolfe, the Southern epic that makes Galsworthy seem pallid, by a writer overdue for the kind of rediscovery long ago bestowed on F. Scott Fitzgerald.

To which I would also add *Main Street*, the Sinclair Lewis novel that so devastatingly portrayed the provincial realities of the Middle West, and *Studs Lonigan* by James T. Farrell, which performed the same purpose by evoking the ethnic collision in South Side Chicago during the Twenties. As regional exotica, I would propose Willa Cather's *Death Comes to the Archbishop*, set in New Mexico during the early 1800s and dealing with the quandaries of faith.

Finally, there is *The Age of Innocence* by Edith Wharton, an evocation of New York society in the 1870s by a novelist whose excellence is only gradually and belatedly gaining wider acknowledgment. There is, in short, a warehouse of riches in the library of American literature, much of it in the public domain. How long will the networks continue to be afraid of Thomas Wolfe? □

Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

Second-Generation Bartók

Béla Bartók was never a tall man, and in the last years of his life—spent in the strange wartime world of New York, ailing with the leukemia from which he died in 1945, unable to earn a living and unwilling to accept charity—he seemed to shrink within himself. But, as his figure recedes into history, it stands as that of a giant against the artistic horizon, casting a long shadow onto a second generation of composers.

The first generation, in the immediate aftermath of his death and the dissemination of the great works he was writing almost up to the last month, was stimulated to emulation by one of the greatest of those works. This was the Concerto for Orchestra, composed in 1943. The novel title, for all its implications, was not even his own. When he came to America, in 1940, he brought with him a score by his good friend and lifelong colleague Zoltán Kodály. It was for delivery to the Chicago Symphony, in fulfillment of a commission, and bore the title Concerto for Orchestra. (Earlier, in the Thirties, both Goffredo Petrassi and Walter Piston had used the same words.)

In content, however, Kodály's work was as backward-looking (to the concerto grosso of the 17th and 18th centuries) as Bartók's was forward-looking (to the new role of the orchestra in the last half of the 20th century). The conception of such an orchestra as the Boston Symphony (for which it was written) as a brilliant collection of players responsive to the will of such a conductorial martinet as Serge Koussevitzky was extended by Bartók to challenge the *individual* players—woodwind, brass, and percussion as well as strings—to display their own virtuosity. And how he challenged them!—with wit, a fantastic exercise of imagination, the grimmest kind of humor.

The consequence was more than the creation of one of the most popular (and good) works of the century. Bartók's initiative gave rise to a whole new category of instrumental composition. There are currently in existence post-Bartók concertos for orchestra by Elliott Carter—one of the great works of the American musical literature—Roberto Gerhard, Ezra Laderman, Benjamin Lees, Witold Lutoslawski, Akira Miyoshi, and Michael Tippett. These are the ones that have been *recorded*; how many more there may be, only BMI and ASCAP know. However much these composers may differ from one another, they share Bartók's conception of a form in which the orchestra, rather than an extraneous instrument, is the intrinsic soloist—and not in the flashy, "colorful" manner of a Rimsky-Korsakov either.

Now a new trickle-down appears to be accumulating from another of Bartók's late works: the Music for String Instruments, Percussion, and Celesta, first performed in 1937. In this masterful interplay of vibrations, to which one responds not only with the normal aural sense but with a second, almost tactile sense, Bartók combines the high virtuoso requirements of the concerto with a chamber-music concept of smaller ensembles within the larger frame of the symphony orchestra. It is performed almost exclusively by symphony orchestras, because they alone have readily at hand the discipline it requires.

Thea Musgrave, of Scottish birth, may be said to be a link between first- and second-generation Bartók. She has written, and also has had recorded, a Concerto for Orchestra. More recently, she has created a Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, which was included on the remarkable program (of music by women) played by the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Sarah Caldwell. It could further be described

Ned Rorem—"A shimmer of sound."
Fred Plant

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as a work for strolling clarinet and orchestra: the soloist (the Philharmonic's able Stanley Drucker) began in the normal position at the front of center stage, walked away after a bit to confer, musically, with a smaller ensemble of brass instruments, then took a position among some reeds, and so on. Here was another variant on normal use of the orchestra as a mass of choirs playing together.

THE NEWEST DEVIATION in this direction was provided by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in a Carnegie Hall concert under the direction of Thomas Schippers in which Ned Rorem's *Air Music* had its first New York performance. *Air Music* came to be the literary-minded Rorem's title by acquisition from Wilhelm Heinse (1746–1803), who wrote: "Music represents the inner feeling in the exterior air."

Included in the 25-minute piece are 10 sections, the first and last utilizing the full orchestra. Along the way is a section for clarinets and trumpets in threes, snare drum, and pizzicato strings; another brings together viola and bassoon, four horns and harp; a third pairs tuba and violin solos, flutes and oboes, with groups of both violins and string bass. Much of this makes for a shimmer of sound, in sequences and varieties of subject matter that bear out Rorem's statement (and my reference to the result as second-generation Bartók): "*Air Music* could have been subtitled 'Chamber Music for Orchestra.'"

Allusion to Rorem as "literary-minded" relates not only to the several books he has written—well-written, well-reviewed—but even more to his consistently discriminating choice of texts for songs, a form of composition of which he is a master. Herein lies something of a discrepancy vis-à-vis *Air Music*. As a composer of vocal music, Rorem is readily identifiable because he is one of the small number now writing for voice who don't labor the point of identity. He writes as he feels, and it comes out sounding like Rorem. As a composer of instrumental music, such as *Air Music*, Rorem impresses me as much less certain of his identity, constantly concerned with establishing who he is by means of such unifying devices as a title (a previous work is called Eleven Pieces for Eleven Players) or by explaining that the variations in his new work are akin to dancers' variations: ". . . on each other rather than on an initial statement." Much of what was going on was stimulating to the players and to the conductor, somewhat less so to the listener. Reverting to Rorem's likening of his variations to those of the dance: I liked very much what I saw during *Air Music* (especially the effort of the solo tuba player), but aurally, for lack of fulfilling substance, my attention tended to wander.

In setting forth the rationale of *Air Music*, Rorem adds to the suggested subtitle of Chamber Music for Orchestra the statement that "much of it is for intimate groups, yet groups obtainable only when a symphony is at hand." Here he has put into an apparent paradox what is nevertheless a very pertinent part of both first- and second-generation Bartók. It is the dilemma, for an increasing number of young composers, that could be phrased: how do you write for symphony orchestras if you don't want to write what symphony orchestras were organized to perform (symphonies)?

Leonard Bernstein is on record as stating (in 1967), "The last important symphony I can think of is Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements, which was written in 1945." This sweeps away as "unimportant" a considerable quantity of symphonies of the Fifties and Sixties by Americans as well as Europeans. No matter. The clear fact is, however, that most young composers who are in the least comfortable with the kind of thinking that produces music for that complex, invaluable, and indispensable oddity, the symphony orchestra, are, nevertheless, wholly uncomfortable with the *symphony*.

Is this all a gigantic hang-up with a name, a notion, a convention? Gustav Mahler, whose "symphonies" are a vastly important part of today's repertory, explained that his concept of the writing of a symphony was "to build a world with all the technical means at my disposal." Bartók wrote great music for the symphony orchestra and called one Music for Percussion, Celesta, and Strings; another, Concerto for Orchestra. If Rorem would write an *Air Music No. 2*, with more music and not so much air, that would be fine with me. Maybe by the time he wrote *Air Music No. 9* he could combine orchestra and voices as Beethoven did in his Symphony No. 9. Break down the symphony orchestra, as some composers are doing, but don't break it up. There's still a lot of work it can do better than anything else. Perhaps third-generation Bartók will provide the answer. □

Dance

Nureyev in the Graham Style

It was a curious twosome—a Siberian Tartar who had defected from the Soviet Union not much more than a decade ago, and the descendant of one who had reached our shores on the good ship *Mayflower*—that made Bicentennial history in Americana programs on Broadway a few weeks ago. It is hardly surprising that Martha Graham, of Miles Standish lineage, should celebrate two centuries of America's independence with her now-classic *Appalachian Spring* (the composer, Aaron Copland, conducting), with her new *The Scarlet Letter* of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and with other dance-dramas rooted in the American heritage. What is surprising, however, is that in both *Spring* and *Letter* a classically trained *premier danseur*, Rudolf Nureyev, should be starred. But perhaps it is not so surprising. America has had a place for immigrants since the time of . . . Miles Standish.

The question is: how did the onetime *danseur* of Russia's Kirov Ballet do in this totally different technique and style —a school of modern dance that Miss Graham, a half-century ago, originated in rebellion against other then-prevailing dance forms, ballet especially? Nureyev did splendidly. He was by no means perfect—not by a long shot. Ballet, to generalize, focuses upon the contours of the moving body, upon the exquisite or dazzling use of the arms and legs and head in placements or in action. Modern dance is centered in the torso, in the spine (Martha Graham refers to it as the individual's "tree of life"), and, with Graham particularly, in the viscera. Nureyev's difficulty was finding the dance within his body and bringing it forth.

But Nureyev, the most brilliant star in the ballet world, tried. He played the role of the Revivalist (not the calmer part of the Husbandman, or hero) in *Appalachian Spring*, and his own Tartar fierceness, his personal incantational forces, vulcanized the less than perfect segments of his performance. Few were bothered by his Russian looks as a Midwestern preacher, for Slavic immigrants

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by Walter Terry

to the Appalachians have been common rather than uncommon, and one possessed by religion is a breed apart.

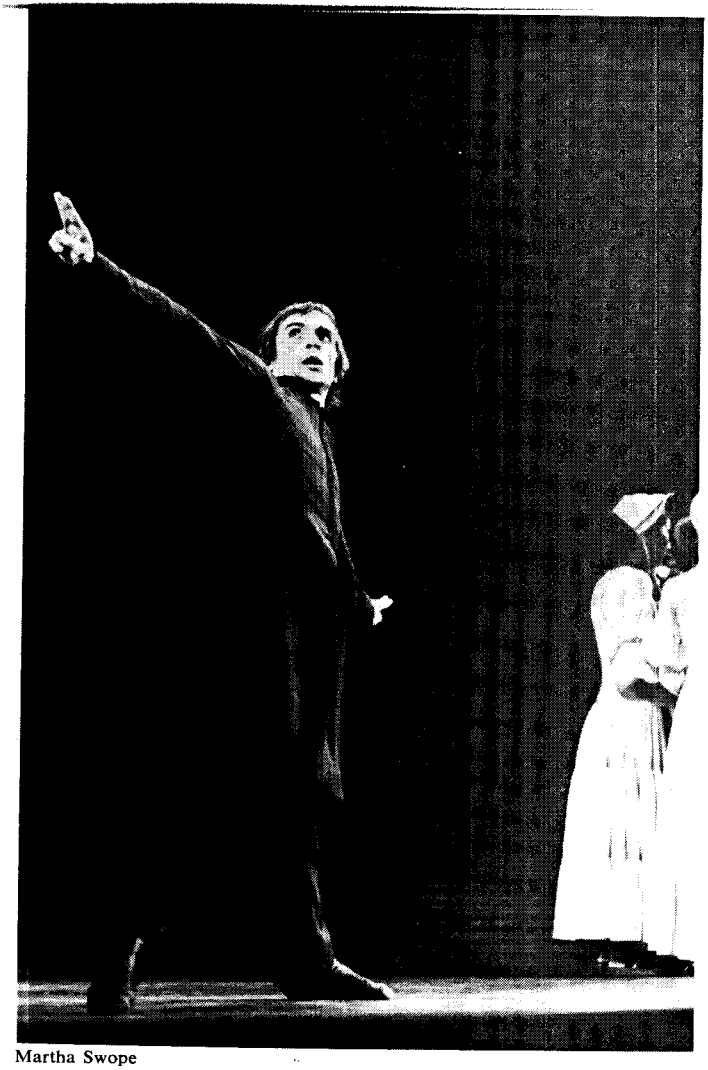
Miss Graham completed choreographing *The Scarlet Letter* (with its commissioned score by Hunter Johnson) on the day of the world premiere (December 22). Thus, it is hardly surprising that the new ballet has not yet had a chance to jell, that it has not yet had time to find, through its dancers, its total dynamic thrust. Miss Graham invariably reworks her dances after their initial performances; so at the moment it would be best to classify *The Scarlet Letter* not only as a work-in-progress but also as a work-of-promise.

In a curtain talk before the premiere, Miss Graham stated firmly that she was not treating the Hawthorne story literally, that it was the preacher Dimmesdale, not Hester Prynne, who was the sinner. It was not surprising, then, to see a scarlet *A* on the breast of the tormented (the book hints at a self-branding) Dimmesdale as the curtain rose, and to see not a narrative but those elements of lust, guilt, bigotry, envy, and torture from which the tale evolves. (Miss Graham commented that her Puritan ancestors, "wherever they are"—and she cast her eyes heavenward and downward—"probably won't approve of this.") Nureyev performed well as Dimmesdale (he'll be brilliant in the part when the ballet is finally set), and Janet Eilber was superb as Hester. Unstinted praise from the start goes to Marisol for a mood-rich setting in which a pulpit becomes a sacrificial altar and two swirling ramps suggest the pathways to hope or . . . to damnation.

Nureyev, who had bowed in the Graham style last summer in a work especially created for him by Miss Graham, *Lucifer*, at a 50th-anniversary (of the Graham company) gala, repeated that passable portrayal in a Graham work which is itself barely passable. But moving into the role of Oedipus in *Night Journey*, he acquitted himself well. There were bad insecurities, but his exit, following his self-blinding, was the essence of monumental tragedy. Rudolf Nureyev is an immigrant to the field of modern dance, but a valuable newcomer.

The total Graham season at the Mark Hellinger Theater—the longest modern-dance engagement in Broadway history—was a triumph. The 81-year-old matriarch of modern dance, celebrating the 50th birthday of her company as well as her 60th anniversary as a dancer (although she is now retired) and the completion of 152 dance works, presented a repertory including the three premieres—*The Scarlet Letter*; the rambling and over-draped, over-décored *Point of Crossing*; the delightful *Adorations*, a "staged" Graham technique class—as well as masterpieces going back to such historic Graham solos as *Lamentation* and *Frontier*, the later *Letter to the World* (a danced biography of the outer and inner lives of Emily Dickinson), and the late, great period of tragedies, comedies, myths relating the figures of the ancient Greek theater to the ageless behavior of mortals.

The Graham company is a glorious one. Takako Asakawa and Yuriko Kimura are superb in roles created by Miss Graham, and Diane Gray, who resembles Graham in appearance not at all, still moves with the same mercurial speed, the lovely lilt, as the Bride in *Appalachian Spring*. Of the men dancers—and they are handsome, virile, and virtuosic—the single most valuable is a comparative newcomer, Tim Wingerd, a master technician and a most versatile player of multiple roles. Ross Parkes, too, is an invaluable member of the troupe; and Robert Irving, moonlighting from his permanent post as musical director of the New York City Ballet, brings special distinction to Graham seasons.



Martha Swope

Nureyev in Appalachian Spring—*"Tartar fierceness."*

Miss Graham, Rudolf Nureyev, and danced Americana are scheduled to repeat the historic collaboration with an international historic event July 19, when the Martha Graham Dance Company opens an engagement in London as the first modern-dance troupe to perform on the stage of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in the 118-year history of that famous theater. Nureyev will be there, too, for the gala opening—his only appearance—on the all-Americana program when the Tartar boy from Ufa, Siberia, plays an American pioneer in *Appalachian Spring*. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 51

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 56.*

RA TZHNL KP F UTPNN TZVNL RS PQPVMKZLM TFU FU CNPFUFWA FU AOP SPNNZT TOZ'U AVMRWX AZ UJRW MZH. –JRW OHKKFVL

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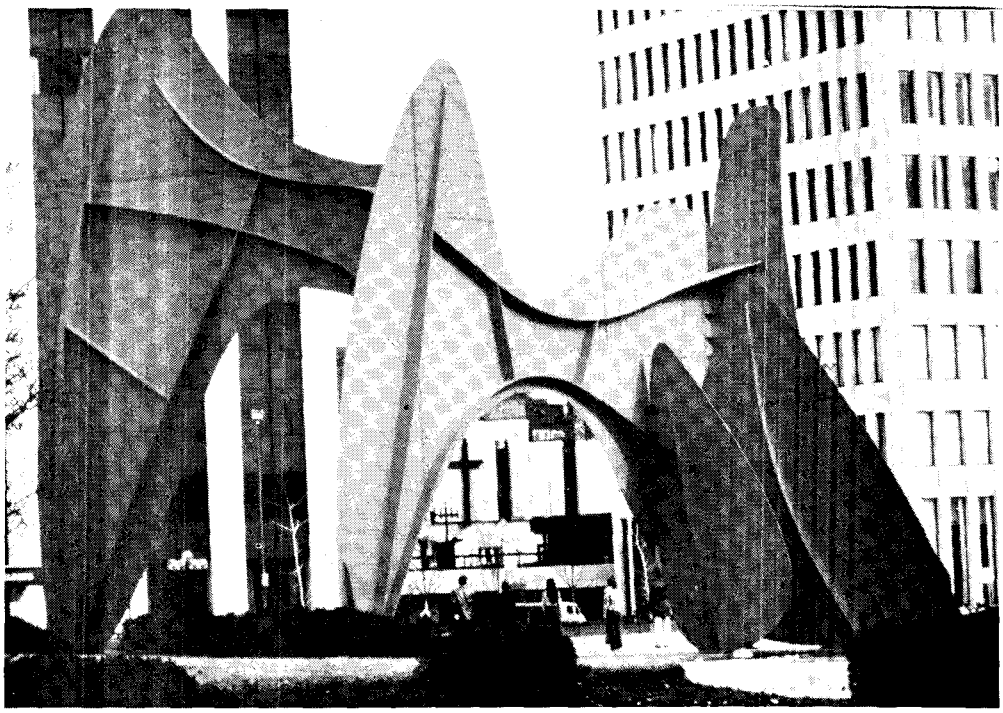

Calder stabile in Grand Rapids—"Turns the static plaza into a kinetic event."

Sprucing Up a City

by William Marlin

A common question about the future of American cities is, What will they look like? An uncommon answer is that a good many will look like Grand Rapids, Mich. Or at least the way Grand Rapids plans to look. With 200,000 people, and as many more living in its outlying metropolitan area, the hometown of President Gerald R. Ford may not seem to be the most promising place to scout for signs of urban revitalization. Yet during the past 10 years, thrusting up through the pragmatic, conservative area that edges the 500-foot-wide Grand River (the "rapids" having been reduced to a gurgle years ago by dredging), outcroppings of art and of adventuresome architecture have begun to texture an otherwise barren downtown.

Not that a renaissance has occurred here—although it would be interesting to know which other cities pick up the garbage in trucks emblazoned with a design by Alexander Calder. The thing about Grand Rapids is that, in a workaday fashion, the grappling hooks for cultural sustenance and economic stability are being rigged into place. It is this process of perceiving and solving the kinds of problems that most medium-size cities face that is riveting national attention on Grand Rapids. Plus the fact that there is something convincing about the seeming incongruity of such a process unfolding in a meat-and-potatoes town with a population of Irish, Dutch, German, and Polish extraction—a town where most people used to think of art as being for the rich, if not for the birds.

It might be said that the birds, or the absence of birds, were what got Grand Rapids going, and that it was the affable, grandfatherly Calder who showed Grand Rapids how. In the middle Sixties, the city undertook one of those typical "urban renewal" projects, clearing out a blighted section of downtown and creating a complex called Vandenberg Center, named for Sen. Arthur Vandenberg. Its vast plaza, with boxy buildings just sitting around, had all the allure of dry ice. There was nothing personable about the place and, so someone noticed, not even the pigeons showed up on the best of days. Then in 1967, Mrs. LeVant Mulnix III drove by the center with Henry Geldzahler, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Serving as he was on the National Arts Council, Mr. Geldzahler mentioned that, for the first time, federal grants for art in public places would soon be available.

Which is all Nancy Mulnix needed. She worked through Rep. Gerald R. Ford, who didn't even know who Calder was (then), and Roger L. Stevens, the first chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts (since succeeded by Nancy Hanks). A matching grant of $45,000 was set up in a month and, with no use of local tax money, this catalyzed another $85,000 from private sources. In a year, a commission considering many American-born artists decided to offer the job to Calder, and the result, dedicated in June of 1969, is *La Grande Vitesse*, which means "The Great Swiftness." One of his most compelling stabiles—55 feet long, 43 feet high, 42 tons—this structure of red-painted steel billows and arches and leaps, turning the static plaza into a people-pulling kinetic event. It is a focus for couples, for causes, and for crowds. More recently, in 1974, Calder was back again—this time up on the 127-foot-square roof of the three-story Kent County Administration Building, also in Vandenberg Center. He painted the roof with sensuous splashes of black, red, and white—visible from offices in a dozen surrounding structures.

THE MAIN VALUE of the stabile, and the main reason for discussing it, is that it has served as a catalyst. People poke at it, walk around and under and between its welded, wind-resistant plates, kick it as they would the tires of a car. But the revitalization of a plaza by way of a notable work of sculpture, or even dozens of them—as in the city's "Sculpture Off the Pedestal" show of 1974—does not automatically spur the revitalization of an entire downtown. One of the sculptures from this show, an earthwork at nearby Belknap Park by Robert Morris, has been installed or, more accurately, bulldozed into place. Another sculpture by Mark Di Suvero is due for Vandenberg Center this spring. However, the tendency toward an "outdoor museum" approach to culture is not, in spite of the laudable aims of the Women's Committee of the Grand Rapids Art Museum, solid assurance that Grand Rapids, as a would-be laboratory of urban reform, is going to get what it really needs. There are those who are content to provide catalysts, but their contentment with inert matter, however avant-garde its forms, could still seal the rest of the downtown streetscape into irreversible sterility.

Paul Collins, the young black artist who has been commissioned to do a mural at the airport based on the life of President Ford, is adamant on this score. "Art is a lot more than fun and

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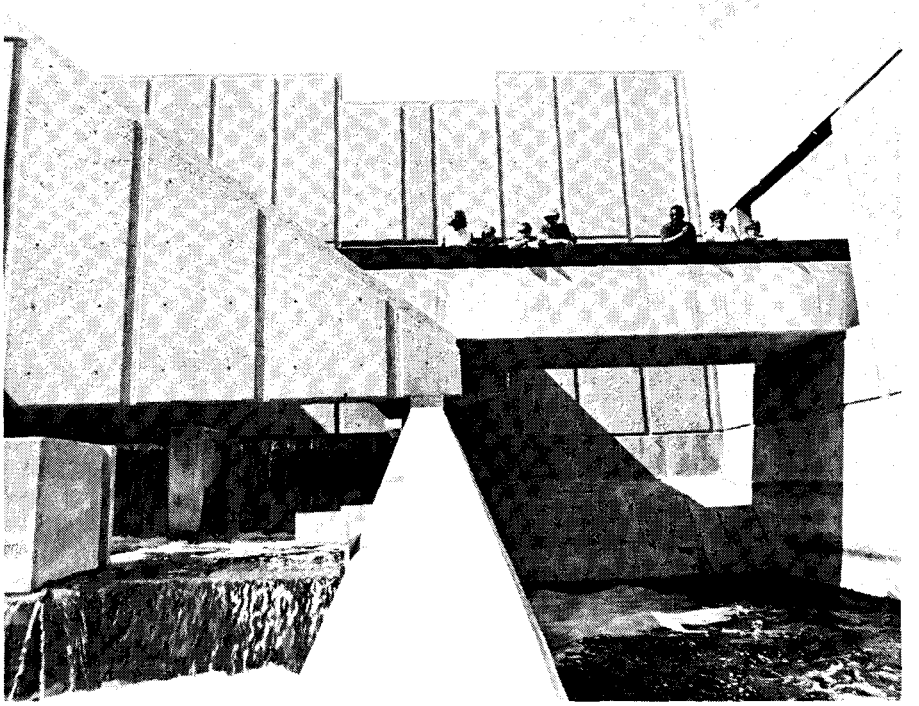
games for the Four Hundred," he says. "It is a process by which opportunities for personal and community encounters come about. A Calder may symbolize what I am talking about, but works like this should not efface the more vital obligation to create a city that elicits rather than enervates human concern and cooperation."

Two recent "works of art" come close to meeting Collins's view. And both began with motives that had more to do with utility than with beauty. Robert Morris sent drawings of his earth-work, his first in this country, to the "Sculpture Off the Pedestal" show. What has now been accomplished is not just a sculpture but, meeting a real environmental problem, a kind of soil-erosion project. A scarred slope below the summit of a hill in Belknap Park, where a reservoir is located, has been turned into a great big *X* that divides the terrain into varied areas and levels. The *X* is paved and people stroll along it, moving up and down the slope—a kind of gestalt in asphalt. In between the arms of the *X* is grass, going off in all directions, where people play, have picnics, or just lie back with a book. The soil erosion has stopped.

A similarly utilitarian reason undergirds Grand Rapids' new Fish Ladder, hard by the dam crossing the river, and designed by sculptor Joseph Kinnebrew in consultation with the architectural firm of Wold, Bowers, DeShane & Covert. Quite simply, the Michigan State Department of Natural Resources wanted to assist salmon and steelhead trout in getting upstream to spawn. Kinnebrew, against great odds, and with some matching-grant assistance from the National Endowment, convinced local politicians and business leaders that the Fish Ladder could provide a way for people to get down to the river, participate in this spectacle of biology, and rediscover their ties with nature. The result is a combination of sculpture, architecture, public entrancement, and, of course, the fish—but more, it has alerted everyday people to the concept of "art" as an enhancing element of life, and not as something peripheral to more "practical" concerns.

"Art is making the most of the context you are living in," Kinnebrew says, "and that context is people." Though he properly credits the Calder stabile, he seems a bit worried "that people who hold the purse strings here may have become so enamored of works of art that the energy that goes into getting them has been quick-set in the notion of sculpture, with the result that the overall cultural tone here could become as static as Calder's steel. I am not against monumental sculpture—that has served a real function, and always will. But a more important monumentality is the kind that is measured by the way a work engages human attention and rewards emotion, and that is what I was trying to get across down by the river."



The Fish Ladder—"'Art' as an enhancing element of life."

THOUGH THE PEOPLE who do hold the purse strings, serving on assorted boards and committees, don't agree for a moment with the sentiments of men like Collins and Kinnebrew, there is no denying that the city as a whole is eager to have done with its old-timey image—as the place made famous by the manufacture of comfy furniture, or as the place of gung-ho, all-American, middle-brow consumers where the marketability of some new toothpaste or detergent could be safely tested. While a million petty chauvinisms persist, the Calder has indeed done its job, and Grand Rapids is about to give itself a good swift kick in the mainstreet, pick its downtown up, and dust it off with a combination of recycled old buildings and sensitively scaled new ones. A comprehensive inventory of buildings more than 50 years old has been completed, and has amply demonstrated that many of the larger old structures could be usefully preserved as a potpourri of new functions. One of the most vital examples of this is the exciting proposal for the old classical federal building, recently deeded over to the city. Architect Emilio Ambazs, with Bob Thrall, proposed to restore its majestic bulk as a community arts center, its old qualities juxtaposed against a surreal slope running from cornice to streetcurb, that would constitute a fountain running alongside a flight of stairs. This counterpoint of old and new is symbolic of Grand Rapids' own struggle with its overall resources, and will set an example, nationwide, as many communities now undertake reuse of similar federal properties.

At this moment, downtown isn't looking so good, or feeling so good. Ringed by interstate highways in the Fifties and Sixties, bled white by the creation of the usual outlying shopping malls, downtown began to decline. In the past 15 years, retail sales there have plummeted more than 40 percent. Recent studies conducted by Economic Research Associates, however, report that the suburban enclaves are not all they were cracked up to be. They are badly located—their "pull" has been generally disappointing—whereas the downtown location, of all the areas on the map of Grand Rapids, demonstrates the most potential as a staging area for intensive rebuilding.

The fresh feature of the city's response to the documented demand for new space, combined with resurgent interest in coming downtown because of various art-oriented events, is that planners,

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having learned their lesson the hard way at Vandenberg Center, are not rolling out vast sheets of paper with alluring but unattainable utopian visions of what things might look like years from now. As they have become qualitatively oriented because of art, so people in decision-making positions have become more realistic about the cycles of birth and rebirth that characterize cities. District by district, neighborhood by neighborhood, architects and planners are doing their job Vince Lombardi-style—"five yards at a time," rather than the old tactic of playing to the bleachers and attempting to go up the entire field in one dramatic gesture. It's the same strategy that one of Gerald Ford's predecessors, Theodore Roosevelt, used to preach: "Do what you can, with what you have, right where you are."

The main effort is a landscaped mall, designed by that ubiquitous, rambunctious savior of streets, M. Paul Friedberg, a project being coordinated by the Downtown Improvement District Committee. While malls have, in the past 10 years, become almost a cliché of so-called urban renewal, and while many are bare, badly designed tokens, this one promises to spur the use and enjoyment of both existing and planned downtown resources.

GRAND RAPIDS' FUTURE, like the future of most cities and towns, is going to depend on how thoughtfully it uses the resources of space, structure, and civic sentiment at hand. Its downtown fabric may have dropped a stitch here and there, but the way to reweave—planners and community groups have finally learned—is to use a loom, the one right at hand, and not to send out scouts toward some new frontier. Still pragmatic, still conservative, Grand Rapids has renewed confidence in its basic values—the kind of values that makes this about the only region in the country that can keep a McDonald's closed on Sundays, but the kind of values that permits innovation with purpose. To hear architect Bob Blaich talk—he is the director of design at Herman Miller, Inc., the furniture makers—you would think the ideas at large in Grand Rapids might just convince even a President Ford that cities are assets instead of candidates for bankruptcy. "We gave the country things to sit on," Blaich said, looking around the Hotel Pantlind lobby on a snow-shrouded day recently. "Now we're giving it something to think on." □

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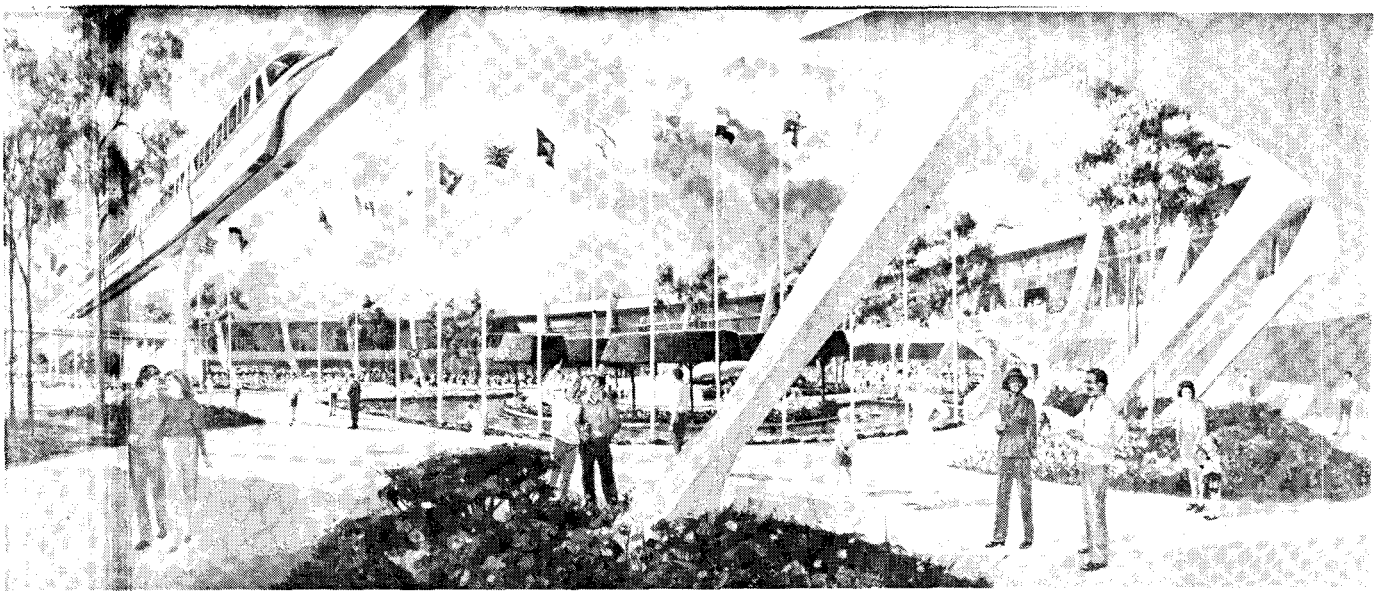

Walt Disney Productions

Disney's World showcase—"Walt had other ideas, and his biggest dream was not another amusement park."

Mickey's Global Mission

by Horace Sutton

At first look it may seem too cerebral a project to be associated with Mickey, Minnie, Donald Duck, Dumbo, and other members of the confrerie in residence in the enormous central Florida preserve known, since it was dedicated in 1971, as Walt Disney World. Walt was dead by then, but the new park was open. In the Magic Kingdom, one corner of the tract Disney had bought, a fairy-tale castle had sprouted. Oldtime street cars cruised turn-of-the-century Main Street. Abraham Lincoln, electronically controlled, rose and spoke. Monorails skimmed through the middle of hotels. A hippopotamus yawned at passing jungle boats stuffed with visitors. And more was on the drawing board.

But the Disney enterprises had taken title to a full-scale principality some 20 miles southwest of Orlando. It encompassed 27,400 acres, and only 2,500 acres of that was earmarked as a playland. Walt had other ideas, and his biggest dream was not another amusement park or even a larger one. When he announced the Florida project in 1965, he talked of a World Showcase and of EPCOT, an acronym that stands for Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow. It would be an experimental city where people from all over the world would come together to solve the world's problems.

The city of EPCOT, as plans follow Walt Disney's original scheme, will provide a forum for scientists, industrialists, artists, and government officers. Satellites will function as centers for research, testing, and demonstrating experimental and prototype systems in a variety of fields—energy, transport, agriculture, education, health and medicine, space, oceanography, and communications and the arts.

The new technologies tested at EPCOT will be shown publicly at the Future World Theme Center, which is to have three major pavilions—Science and Technology, the Community, and Communications and the Arts. World leaders in these fields may be working on any problem from solar energy to waste disposal, exchanging ideas and tracking solutions that will promote the quality of life in all parts of the globe.

EPCOT is a project earmarked for the Eighties. But work on one of its satellites, to be known as World Showcase, starts this year.

In essence a permanent world's fair, World Showcase is inviting nations to occupy pavilions in which they can synthesize, in a relatively small area, their cultural, industrial, and social aspects. The plans obviate building ornate pavilions to be discarded after one season. The pavilions will occupy space along the rim of a semicircle. Each will have equal frontage, and no location will be considered better than another.

Inside, the nations may display their wares—industrial, agricultural, or political. They may build cafés, theaters, and shops that are representative of their culture. In effect, each participating nation—and there are expected to be about 30 to 35 governments represented—will offer a capsulized vicarious visit. The offerings will draw on the more than 12 million people who come to Walt Disney World each year. By 1985, when EPCOT is expected to be in full flower, the projected figure will be 26 million.

It will take about 200 people, many of them young men and women, sent by each nation, to operate the pavilions in World Showcase. They will live in an International Village, which, Disney hopes, will give them, as citizens of the world, an opportunity to exchange their national aspirations, cultures, and history. Part of the International Village will be open for public visit, providing a people-to-people exchange. Some of the young foreigners who come to the International Village will possibly emerge as the future leaders of their respective countries. An international community amid the pin oak, the pine, and bay trees of central Florida's mild climate will offer a chance for tomorrow's movers and doers to meet each other, and at the same time to see a part of America.

Optimism, as epitomized by everlasting good cheer, was always the Disney hallmark. Its extension to universal understanding first appeared, heavily frosted to be sure, in the Small World exhibit initially seen at New York's World's Fair and now on view in the Disney parks. Having made a success of the first phase of the Florida development, the creation of what is perhaps the world's most wondrous amusement park, Disney is moving ahead into the

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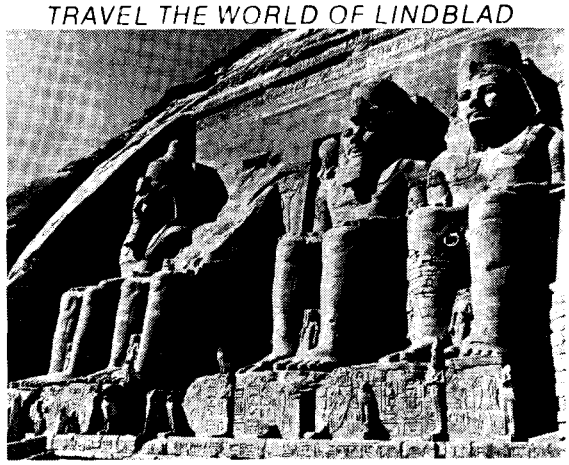

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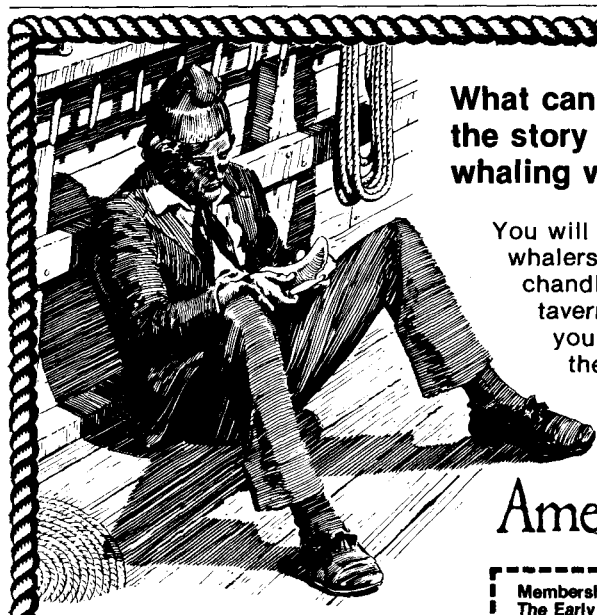

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second phase, Walt's dream. E. Cardon Walker, the president of Walt Disney Productions, puts it in true Disney perspective: "We believe EPCOT will serve as a unique new horizon for the world —an optimistic voice that, with international cooperation, says solutions to the great challenges we face are indeed possible. We seek the participation, the talents, and the skills of people around the world in order to make Walt Disney's greatest dream a reality."

Already in place in the neighborhood set aside for World Showcase, EPCOT, and International Village are the makings of a small city called Lake Buena Vista. It comprises a handsome shopping center, four hotels, a club open to the public, a collection of 133 villas, and some 60 tree houses, lofty live-in perches recently opened for public occupation.

The villas can be leased by corporations or rented out on a daily basis. One-bedroom villas sleep four, and two-bedroom villas, built as duplex apartments, can accommodate six. Each comes with a full kitchen—four-burner stove, oven, and refrigerator.

Tree-house dwellers can keep house, too. Built high off the ground amid the Florida forestland, the tree houses have two bedrooms, two baths, a working kitchen, as well as a walkway leading to a patio that is ideal for summer dining. Life in a tree house costs $85 to $95 a day, depending upon whether the house overlooks trees or lagoons. One-bedroom villas are $60; two-bedroom villas, $70 to $77 a day.

For another $10 a day, a tree or villa resident can hire a golf cart to weave through the trees and over bridges to the Lake Buena Vista Club, the centerpiece for an 18-hole golf course and three tennis courts, one of which is lighted for night play. Boats cruise back and forth to the village plaza. A champagne cruise on Sundays brings guests to the club for an elaborate Sunday brunch, an outing that has become so popular that prospective visitors are invited to write ahead for reservations. They will find a buffet table with an enormous steamship-round of beef, trays of chicken livers and mushrooms, halibut in wine, eggs Benedict, and other temptations, all served to music in the atmosphere of an elegant country club. Brunch aside, the regular menu at the club leans toward high epicurean style —oysters Rockefeller, filet of turbot Véronique, veal steak with mushrooms in cream. The entrées are billed at six to

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seven dollars, which will not seem exorbitant to those dining in America's big-city restaurants.

The shopping village at Lake Buena Vista offers its own attractions and, for that matter, its own places for dining. The Village Restaurant, a simple enough name, invites diners to sit in an indoor version of a forest glade, with the sun filtering through the skylight, dappling the potted trees. In that inviting setting guests can order bouillabaisse served from a simmering crock and such imaginative combinations as Alaskan king crab with artichokes. Macramé hangings separate the tables, and diners who don't want to look at each other can gaze out over the calm waters of the lagoon.

Strung out on a man-made peninsula reaching into man-made Buena Vista Lagoon, Captain Jack's Oyster Bar invites its customers to sit at a hexagonal counter, where it serves them shellfish, *ceviche*, chowders, and its own libation, strawberry margaritas. The Windjammer Dock Shop, adjoining Jack's place, is one of 29 shops and dining places in the village. They will be joined soon by a giant, if simulated, Mississippi riverboat fitted with four restaurants, to be built on the opposite shore.

In between meals browsers can wander through the Pottery Chalet, inspired by a similar emporium in Laguna Beach. A resident potter fires his creations in a kiln. Other artisans, meanwhile, carve candles into elaborate designs; glassworkers etch designs in crystal; and Spaniards, imported from Toledo, work on Damascene, that art of hammering silver and gold designs into steel, first practiced in Damascus.

Most of the shops are Disney-operated, rather than leased or given out on franchise; that includes Von Otto's Antiques, which periodically sends buyers to Europe to bring back doo-dads that sell here—or at least are on display—for thousands of dollars.

Those who are keeping house in a villa, in a tree house, or even in a tent in the nearby Fort Wilderness Campground can shop in some style at the Gourmet Pantry. The staples are on the shelves at decent prices, but then so are reindeer steaks, San Francisco sourdough breads, build-it-yourself cookie houses, and prime New York steaks (at $4.65 a pound). Anybody who bothers keeping track of expenses can pop over to the toy store, which stocks a beginner's computer called, true to the local idiom, Mickey Math. □

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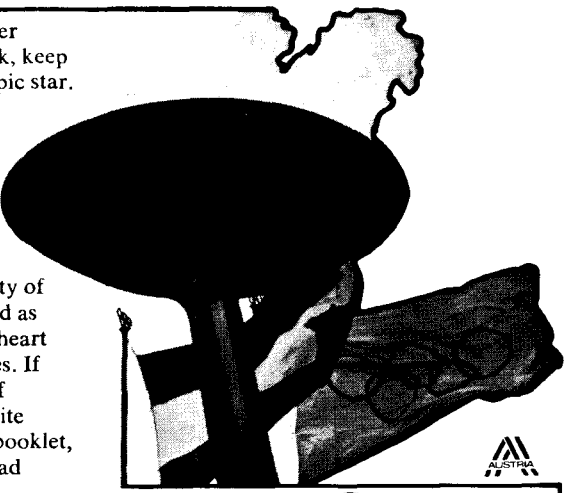

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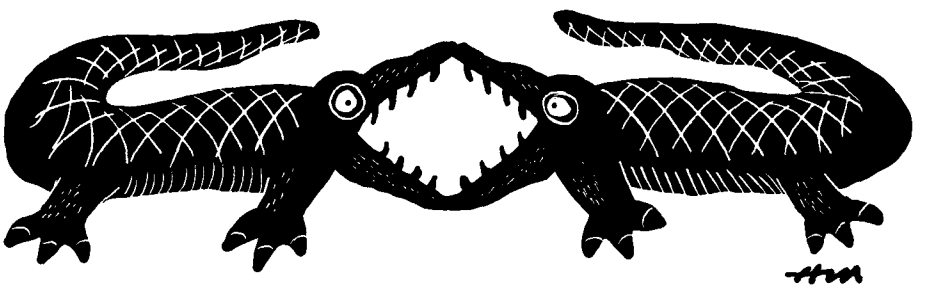
Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

How I Met Doris Day in Person

A book published by Morrow and Company just came to this desk. The title, *Doris Day . . . Her Own Story*, sent me riffling through my diary to a page dated May 17, 1975, which is titled, by some weird coincidence, "Doris Day . . . My Own Story." It begins:

DEAR DIARY: A day to remember. Today, in Beverly Hills, I met Doris Day. IN PERSON! Oh I know you won't believe it, Dear Diary, because you're recalling some wildly amorous entries I made in these pages in my late youth, concerning Billie Dove, Jean Arthur, Frances Farmer, Edna Purviance, and Frances Dee. All gorgeous stars, especially the lovely Frances Dee, whom I dropped when I learned she had married Joel McCrea, had borne him four or five sons, and is now known as Mother McCrea.



But meeting Doris Day is different. I've always believed the only guys who ever got to meet Doris Day were Rock Hudson, James Garner, Tony Randall, and the like. Pretty surprising company for me to be in, huh? And you're going to be more surprised when I confide in you, Dear Diary, all the exciting details just as they happened. This is strictly between you and I . . . make that "me." See how distracted I am?

But I'll have to go back three years to the day I read that Doris Day's TV series was being canceled by CBS. I was so distraught that I wrote in the *Saturday Review* that I was selling my TV set because I wouldn't be seeing this beautiful woman every week. This brought a reply from Doris Day, who thanked me and enclosed her very private phone number and a note saying if I ever got to L.A., I should be sure to call her.

Well, here I was on May 17, 1975, in Beverly Hills. I remembered having her phone number. I debated whether to call her and decided, What can I lose? Only some of my shredded dignity. A small price. Her secretary answered and, after identifying me, put Doris on the phone.

"Is that you, Goody?" asked Doris. I recognized that lovely voice even without Hudson, Garner, Randall, and the like. "When did you get in?"

I told her I had arrived last night and would be here only a couple of days.

"Oh, then when am I going to see you?" she asked.

"Well, this is Saturday," I said. "I know you're busy today . . ."

"Who's busy?" she asked. "How about lunch or dinner?"

Shaken by this turn of events, and reaching for one of my tranquilizers, I said, "You mean you don't have a date for Saturday night? Not Doris Day!"

"Big deal," she exclaimed. "Where are you?" I said I was at the Beverly Hills Hotel. She said, "I live only a few blocks away. I'll meet you in the lobby in an hour."

"Okay," I said. And then just to show her how excruciatingly funny I can be, I said, "How will I know you?"

And, Dear Diary, this famous movie actress actually told me: "I'll be wearing a wide manila hat and a yellow dress with a long gold chain." Her exact words.

And there she was, just as advertised. Wide manila hat, yellow dress, long gold chain. Every inch the woman I had always pictured—36, 26, 36. Radiant, ravishing, glowing, resplendent, dazzling—a phantasmagoria of flashing white teeth, sunlit eyes, gold-spun hair. She was good-looking.

Somewhere during lunch I said, "I'm confused. First you tell me that Doris Day doesn't have a date for Saturday night. Then, when I asked how I would know you, you described what you would be wearing. Do you have an identity crisis? Don't you *know* you're Doris Day?"

"Let me tell you a story about Doris Day," said Doris Day. "Last week I was hosting a little benefit party for my organization, Actors and Others for Animals. I was with Kay Ballard. We got there early and went to the ladies' room. When we came out, a woman tourist rushed up to us.

"She said, 'Kay Ballard! Is that you? Oh, do I have many autographs I want you to sign. I want one for my little boy, Willie, and one for my husband, and one for . . .

"Kay stopped her. 'Just a moment,' Kay said. 'Hold it. I'll sign all you want, but what about my friend here, Doris Day?'

"The woman just stood there and stared at me. Finally, she said, 'Doris Day! In all my life I never dreamed I'd see Doris Day coming out of a john!' "

Well, Dear Diary, now you must surely realize I really met Doris Day. I wasn't giving you a lot of pillow talk. An exciting day to remember. Too much excitement for a man of my tender years. So, as my old friend Samuel Pepys used to sign off after meeting a comely wench, "And so to bed."

Perchance to dream. Aye, there's the best part. □

Answer to Fraser Young *Literary Cryptogram No. 51* (see page 49): It would be a swell world if everybody was as pleasant as the fellow who's trying to skin you.

Kin Hubbard

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 90

P(ETER) SCHWED:
GOD BLESS PAWNBROKERS

I got out and wandered into the store. Almost seduced by a jacket that looked similar to the warmest garment I ever owned, an armored tank jacket I had in World War II, I happened to see the label: "Made in Hong Kong." I passed it up and climbed back into the car.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

What's in a Name?

I've mentioned in these columns that I often listen to those two-way, listener-response radio shows. That's not quite true. I don't really listen; but I find that, while I'm making up Double-Crostics, a radio conversation droning in the background can be not only a pleasant distraction but also a positive stimulant to the sort of thought involved in puzzle-making. So it's more accurate to say that I often *hear* those shows than that I often listen to them. Occasionally, something will catch my ear, and I'll listen. One of my favorite two-way radio hosts is a British-born, naturalized American named Michael Jackson, whose show is usually interesting and sometimes scintillating. Like everything whose essence is spontaneity, Jackson's show has its peaks and its valleys. On a couple of occasions during "valley" periods (apropos of something that has become lost to memory), Jackson expressed the opinion that blueberry pie is always a disappointment.

I'd never articulated that sentiment, but I agree with him. Years ago I gave up blueberry pie without giving the matter much thought. Hearing Michael Jackson speak out against blueberry pie, though, and hearing listeners call in to discuss the blueberry pie issue, forced me to come face to face with my own feelings about blueberry pies and blueberries in general.

One of the conclusions I came to about blueberries is that the most important thing they have going for them is their name. *Blueberry* is delightfully euphonious. And it's not just sweet to the ear; it's pleasantly stimulating as it bubbles about in the mouth. Blueberries don't *look* any more flavorful than any other fruit—perhaps less flavorful than most. But *blueberry* is a tasty word. It has all the warmth and body of *blubbery* plus a little extra zip and character. The berries themselves are, to my mind, quite ordinary-looking, and their taste, such as it is, lacks zip and is almost devoid of character.

It's the word. I'm sure of it. *Blueberry* is mouth-watering; blueberries are a bore.

Rushing in where angels fear to tread, I'll now point to a sacred American tradition that is, in my opinion, equally disappointing: cheeseburgers. I wouldn't say this if I thought I was all alone. But I'm sure there are millions who've felt approximately as I have. I love a good hamburger. A third of a pound of lean ground beef, cooked rare, salted, peppered, and served with a slice of sweet onion on a well-toasted bun may not be *haute cuisine*, but it has its own niche assured in the all-American pantheon of gustatory divinities. Every once in a while, though, I used to see on a menu a lovely photograph, in living color, of a *cheese*burger, and, forgetting that cheeseburgers are always anticlimactic—or perhaps hoping for a miracle—I'd order one, only to rediscover that a cheeseburger is still and ever a cheeseburger.

I can think of few more bathetic repasts than a photogenic cheeseburger followed by an equally photogenic slice of blueberry pie.

As with blueberries, the appeal of cheeseburgers lies largely in the name. We'd no sooner ask for "a hamburger with cheese" than we'd order "a steak with cheese." But *cheeseburger* is an exciting word. It starts with a smile—albeit a bogus one, as in "say 'cheese' "—and ends with the teutonic heartiness implicit in *hamburger*. The word is delicious. A friend of mine tells me that his 10-year-old son *always* orders cheeseburgers and *always* separates the bun, the cheese, and the meat from one another and almost always leaves most of the bun and most of the cheese. He's obviously taken in by the word.

All this might appear to be trivial, but the implication is clear and not insignificant. What's in a name? That which we call a blueberry—or a cheeseburger—by almost any other name would be a washout. And if that which we call a rose were called, say, a *strank*, it might smell as sweet, but it would lose a great deal of its charm. If Johnny Doughboy had found a strank in Ireland, he probably would have left it there.

What's in a name?

Plenty, dear Juliet, plenty. □

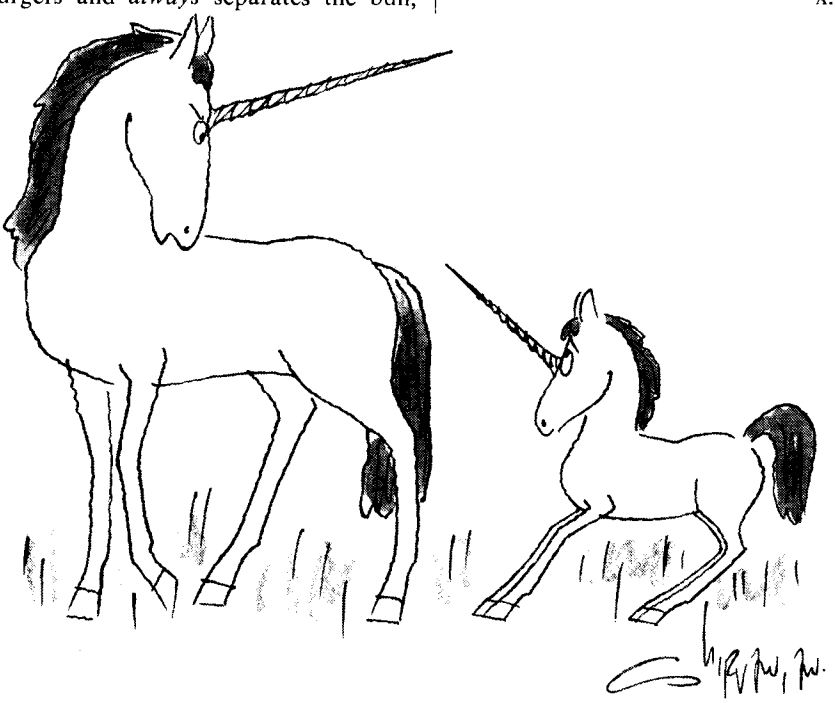
WIT TWISTER NO. 64

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. *Answers on page 58.*

He scorned, this ___ ___ ___ ___ of
the brisk command,
To be a humble ___ ___ ___ ___ for
her hand.
So ___ ___ ___ ___ he was, he saw
no need to woo,
Or meet by ___ ___ ___ ___, or plead,
as lovers do.
But, turned down flat by his prospective bride,
Today, he ___ ___ ___ ___ his arrogance and pride.

A. S.



"How many times must you be told not to follow mommy too closely?"

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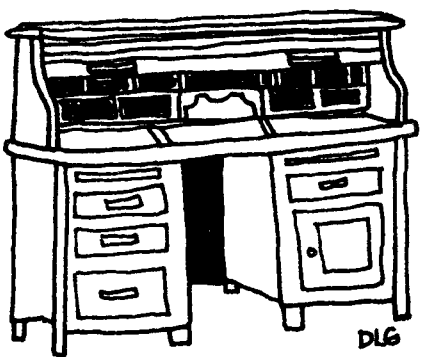
(Continued from page 11.)

where to distribute the harvest are made with the balance sheet in mind. (Corporate managers who attempt to run their firms like foundations are likely to end up in one.) Thus, it is profitable in poor countries to use land for exportable luxury crops even while the people are suffering severe malnutrition because it does not grow enough grain. (In Colombia a hectare of wheat brings 12,500 pesos; carnations for export bring a million.) Global corporations further complicate the dietary problem in poor countries by fostering what the nutritionist Derrick B. Jelliffe calls "commerciogenic malnutrition." According to Albert Stridsberg in *Advertising Age*: "It has long been known that in the poorest regions of Mexico where soft drinks play a functional role in the diet, it is the international brands—Coke and Pepsi—not local off-brands, which dominate. Likewise, a Palestinian-refugee urchin, shining shoes in Beirut, saves his piastres for a real Coca-Cola, at twice the price of a local cola." Company campaigns have succeeded in increasing consumption of white bread, confections, and soft drinks among the poorest people in the world by convincing them that status, convenience, and a sweet taste are more important than nutrition.

The development model of the multinationals—centralized planning for global-profit maximization—is also causing instability in the United States and other industrialized countries. U. S.–based global companies, many of which now derive more than 50 percent of their profits from abroad, do not have the same stake in the United States as a traditional American company does. (The vice-chairman of Mobil, according to the *Washington Post*, recently threatened to move out of the United States if foreign tax credits for oil companies are eliminated.)

Our tax laws, our labor laws, our laws for protecting the money supply—in short, the basic tools for promoting economic stability—are all premised on the existence of a national economy that can be more or less effectively managed within the continental limits of the United States. But the ability of corporations to shift production and to move capital has brought about a globalization of the economy that has made that assumption obsolete. The U. S. economy is now the North American division of the world economy. Because there are no effective world public authorities, no community-based planning in the United States, the managers of the multinationals in their daily operations have by default become the principal planners for the U. S. economy.

We are beginning to see some of the same adverse consequences of concentrated power that we have seen for many years in underdeveloped countries. The tax base is eroding. Because of the use of such devices as Gulf Oil's dummy corporation in the Bahamas, the global giants have been able to shift a substantial portion of their tax burden onto the middle class. In 1958 corporations were contributing more than 25 percent of federal revenues; by 1973, less than 15 percent. In 1969 the largest 100 corporations paid



at a rate of 26.9 percent, but average corporations paid at a rate of 44 percent.

The export of production to cheap labor sites abroad has created a major employment crisis in such basic industries as rubber, electronics, textiles, and automobiles. For example, Ford and General Motors were increasing their investments in their foreign plants even as they were laying off tens of thousands of workers in Detroit. And Ford's plant in Valencia, Spain, is planning to produce thousands of compacts for import into the United States. The threat to move out of the country has eroded labor's bargaining power. A corporation can neutralize the effects of a strike by shifting production to its plants in countries, such as Taiwan, that advertise their strike-free labor force. There is a connection between the loss of unskilled and semi-skilled jobs and the loss of labor's bargaining power and the "slow but persistent trend toward inequality" of income that Peter Henle of the Library of Congress noted in 1972. (In the last three years, according to the Department of Labor, real wages of workers, excluding agriculture, have declined at least 8.7 percent.)

The multinationals are, virtually without exception, oligopolies. Four firms, or even fewer, dominate the market in automobiles, packaged foods, tires, computers, and other basic items. Oligopolies seldom compete in terms of price, and the absence of effective price competition is inflationary. But, more important, the power to dominate markets is easily translated into the power to dominate politics. The energy companies, for example, have been the energy planners for the society. Until recently, their goal—and that of the automotive industry as well—has been the promotion of energy-guzzling technology. Their definition of progress has been the displacement of human energy, of which we have a surplus, with fossil fuels, of which we have a shortage—all of which may have been good short-term corporate planning, but it is not good social planning. A disparity is discernible between strategies for producing good quarterly statements and strategies for developing societies.

It is too much to expect the managers of global corporations to subordinate their strategies to the public interest without changing the legal and political ground rules under which corporations operate. The excessive power of large corporations over the political and economic life of this country has all but destroyed the system of checks and balances in our society. We need new policies to stop the unending process of conglomeration and merger, to end the small taxpayer's subsidization of the large corporations, and to revise the built-in bias in our laws against small business and free competition. We need to give communities the legal power to protect themselves from the runaway shop. We need laws that realistically differentiate the global corporation from the corner drugstore. Having amassed so much power that whole communities are dependent upon it, the global corporation is not just another piece of private property. It is a social institution and should be treated as one.

We need to revitalize our political institutions so that they keep pace with the revolutionary changes that have taken place in our economy. Without such institutions for increased community control of the economy, the multinationals will continue to exercise unaccountable power. The redistribution of economic and political power is the price of maintaining democracy in America. □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 57):
user, suer, sure, ruse, rues.

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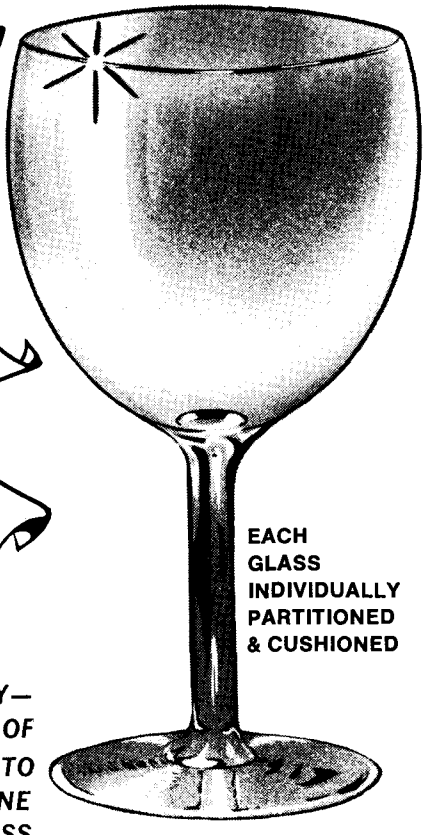

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1 S	2 M	3 P		4 D	5 L	6 H	7 P		8 N	9 V	10 E	11 B	12 J		13 A	14 Q
	15 Y		16 B	17 F	18 D	19 Q	20 E		21 O	22 G	23 B		24 K	25 N	26 E	27 Q
28 W	29 A		30 Q	31 T		32 I	33 M	34 Q	35 A	36 N	37 U		38 J	39 Y	40 K	
41 C	42 F	43 O	44 U	45 H		46 E	47 N	48 D		49 T	50 L	51 Y	52 H	53 F	54 K	
55 S		56 S	57 J	58 F	59 Y	60 R	61 U	62 V	63 I	64 W	65 A	66 P	67 T	68 X		69 P
70 K	71 I	72 A	73 V	74 W	75 G		76 T	77 F		78 U		79 M	80 A	81 W	82 C	83 G
	84 N	85 B	86 W		87 A	88 C	89 I	90 V	91 J		92 E	93 U		94 U	95 H	96 M
97 L	98 J	99 Y	100 O	101 C	102 F	103 P		104 X	105 P	106 K	107 G	108 B		109 Q	110 D	
111 A	112 K	113 R		114 I	115 L	116 B	117 E	118 S	119 Y	120 Q	121 F	122 J	123 P		124 Q	125 H
126 E	127 X	128 M		129 J	130 C	131 B	132 W		133 A	134 Y	135 D	136 B	137 C		138 E	139 J
	140 G	141 F	142 S		143 A	144 S	145 L	146 B	147 P	148 K	—	149 E	150 D	151 J	152 N	153 F
154 Y		155 Y	156 Q	157 O	158 C	159 K	160 H	161 F	162 N		163 I	164 R	165 J	166 A		167 N
168 X		169 C	170 K	171 S	172 L	173 A		174 R	175 G		176 M	177 Q	178 N		179 T	180 I
181 P	182 S		183 E	184 Y	185 U	186 S	187 K	188 B	189 R							

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the *name of the author and the title* of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Beau Jack, Lou Ambers, and James Carter, for instance	35 65 72 80 87 166 173 13 29 111 133 143
B. Biotechnology	146 23 108 131 188 11 16 85 116 136
C. Eerie, weird, spooky	137 82 101 130 158 169 41 88
D. Unfortunate, disappointing (2 wds.)	110 135 150 4 18 48
E. Material made of hemp and jute, used for making bags	117 138 183 20 46 149 26 92 126 10
F. One of the Graces	17 121 53 141 42 58 77 102 161 153
G. Incite, arouse, inflame	175 22 75 83 107 140
H. Penetrate, attack	160 6 95 125 45 52
I. "To be direct and honest is _____," says Iago (2 wds.)	63 71 114 163 180 32 89
J. Impudent boldness	91 129 139 151 165 12 38 122 57 98
K. "Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision," according to the Mock Turtle	187 70 106 148 170 24 40 54 112 159
L. Slender, active snakes of the genera *Coluber* and *Masticophis*	97 5 50 115 145 172
M. Long-tailed North American finch, genus *Pipilo*	176 33 79 2 96 128
N. Diminishing (3 wds.)	36 152 167 84 162 8 25 47 178
O. Sustenance	21 43 100 157
P. Spurred or moved by a strong feeling or supernatural power	69 105 123 181 3 66 103 147 7
Q. Give up	124 156 34 27 19 120 30 109 14 177
R. Pledges	174 60 189 164 113
S. Sovereign, monarch, ruler	56 171 1 142 118 144 55 182 186
T. Belay!	49 179 76 31 67
U. Baubles	185 94 37 61 78 44 93
V. Biblical name of ancient Syria	9 73 62 90
W. Wanderers	28 81 132 74 64 86
X. "Two _____ of black Saint Hubert's breed" (Scott, "The Lady of the Lake")	104 168 127 68
Y. In prosody, a trisyllabic foot consisting of a long syllable between two shorts	15 155 59 39 119 99 154 184 51 134

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 90* appears on page 56.

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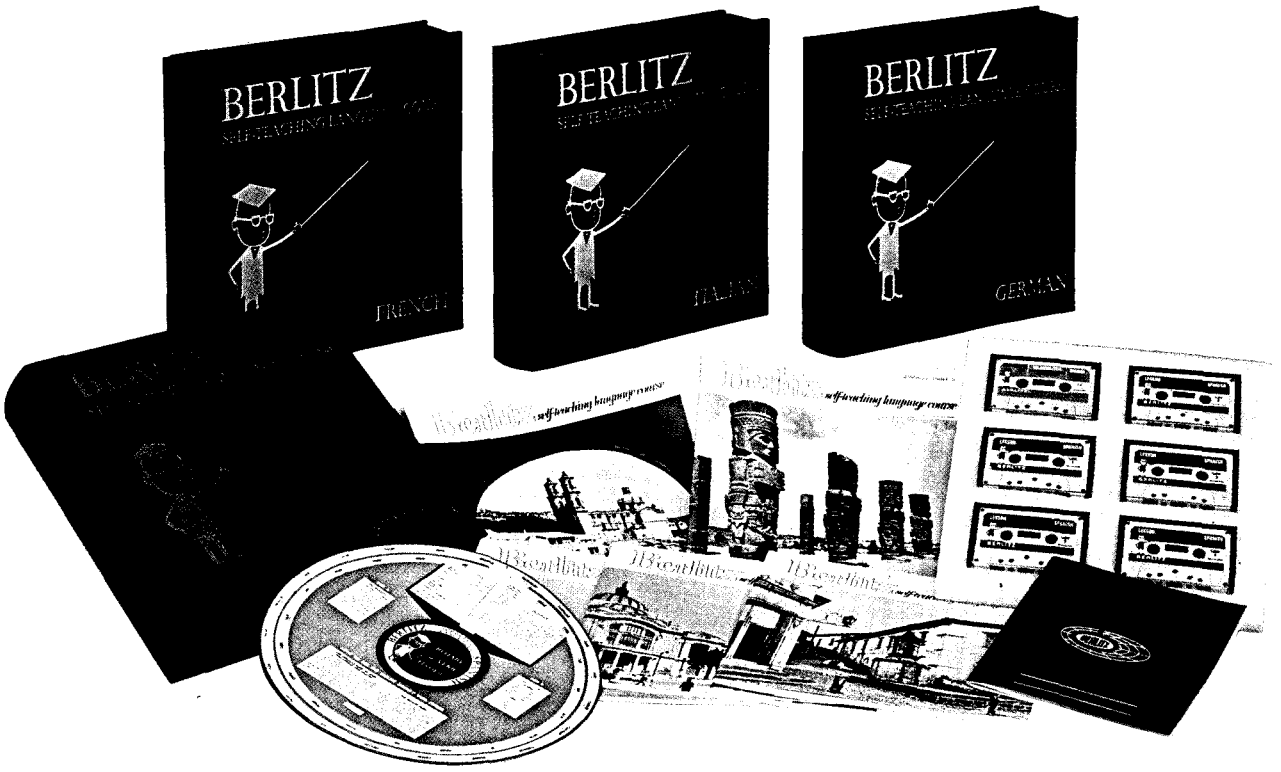

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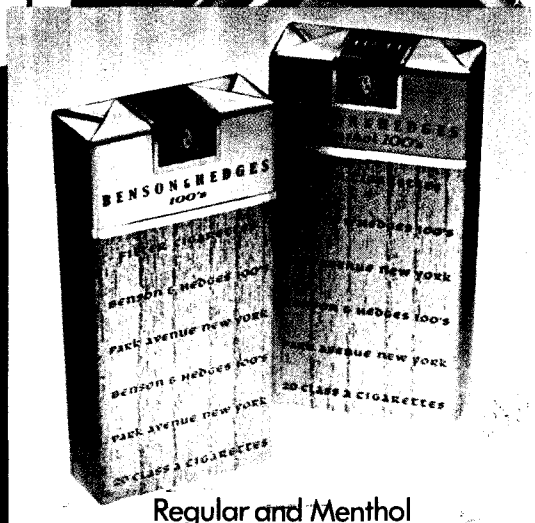

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